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Vol. 10 No. 8 50p

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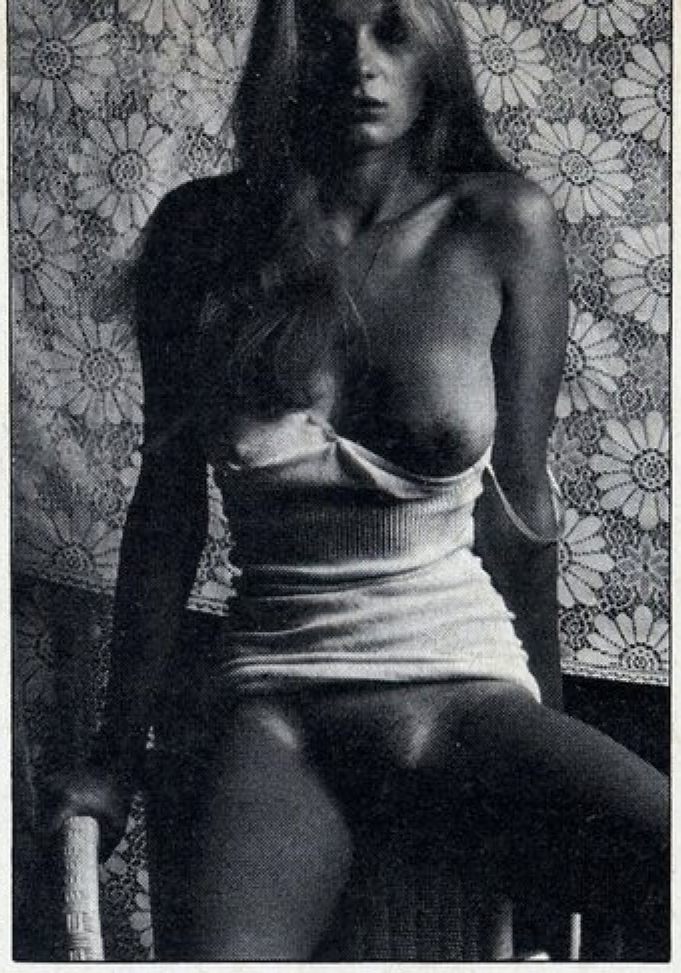

AUG 1975 Vol. 10 No. 8 ABC net paid circulation 472,208

Usherette unveiled, page 51. Aristocars, page 62.

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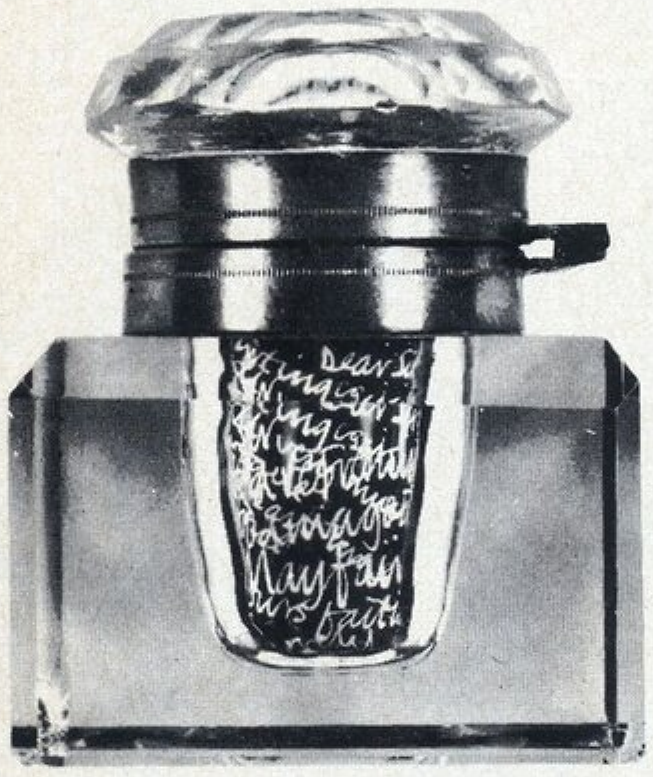
LETTERS



This is where we invite you to add to the controversy and the anecdote of Mayfair. Only those letters bearing the name and full address of the writer can be used but all requests for anonymity will be upheld and name and addresses reduced to initials and town on request. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

A van driver friend came across an address label recently. It was from the 'British Organ Blowing Co. Ltd., of Derby'. Can you imagine the business card that the representative hands to his customers? I wonder if he's ever been asked for a demonstration?
Frank Parsons, Fordingbridge, Hants

Well, we'll be blowed!

I've followed *Mayfair* long and faithfully in the hope of seeing my own particular favourite pastime, other than girls that is, featured in your pages. You've had hang-gliding, moto-cross and model aircraft, but never, to the best of my knowledge, a word about canoeing. My pals and I are all agreed the subject would make an exciting and colourful feature, so what about it?
John Pearson, Leicester

Mr. Pearson's letter is representative of many we have received from canoeing enthusiasts. We are setting the balance right with a major colour feature in our next issue.

I have a problem that maybe one of your readers could help me answer. The problem is this: How can you tell when a girl says no if she really means 'NO!'; or 'maybe'; or 'yes with a bit of persuasion'. There have been times when I've been told no, only to discover later that the girl was the easiest lay on the block. Other times after an early-evening turn-down, a single finger laid upon a tit has led to a hand being thrust down my trousers. I'm getting extremely confused and would sincerely be very grateful for any advice.
L G, Newcastle

In our not inconsiderable experience, we have found that a girl who says 'NO!' generally means it. Unless, of course she secretly fancies you like mad in which case she probably wants you to try a bit harder. The problem really boils down to the question of whether the girl does *fancy you, and this can easily be ascertained by her reactions when you place a hand on her swelling C-cup. A hardening of the nipple is an encouraging sign, whereas a stinging right hook or knee to the groin may be taken as a sign that she fancies you not. Does that answer your problem?*

Your recent exchange of letters on exhibitionism, both female and male, brought back to mind an incident at the Oval pop concert 'Goodbye to Summer' a few years ago.

Loos at the Oval were full to bursting, with queues 50 or so long for both the men's and women's in the grandstands. On the other hand there was a long hut-type building in the grounds at the back of the stands which was, in fact, another men's loo. Only trouble was that it was obscured with parked vans and cars so anyone dying to go, would walk past it and join the queue for the other loos. Except, that is, for a handful of observant peers.

There was ample space at the wall, the difficulty came fighting your way through a crowd of about ten or so girls. Yes, girls, who were obviously taking great delight in watching. One or two of them moved closer behind the row of piddling fellows, bending over to see what was involved, then going back to the others and giggling. One of the more adventurous girls, accompanied by a friend,

turn to page 10

Things happen after a badedas bath

(they say it's got something to do with the horse chestnuts)

Welcoming waters, foamy, green and exciting. Heady with the mysterious magic of horse chestnuts. A fresh, invigorating sensation. A powerful lust for living. You might call it Lebenslust, if you happen to know the word. (But badedas says it better.) **badedas**

The most stimulating thing since bathing itself-with extract of horse chestnuts.

LETTERS

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singled out one fellow who had just taken up stance, went over to him and asked if she could hold it. The chap hastily agreed, an erection followed and the girl used it as a hose, making patterns on the wall! I must say that I've been to a few open air events of this kind since but, alas, have never come across anything quite so enjoyable – or disgusting. What do other readers think?
A M U, Brixton, London

Are you trying to take the pee?

We don't get magazines like *Mayfair* in this bastion of western white civilisation, and more's the pity too. That our powers that be can state that an intelligent and sophisticated magazine like yours is not fit reading matter for adults says a great deal about *their* outlook. We're reduced to bumming old copies off aircrews, seamen and friends abroad and seem, in spite of warnings, to remain relatively un-depraved. If you can publish this letter, it'll be a great morale booster to all your many admirers in the Republic. You don't know how lucky you are being able to get your copies of *Mayfair* on open sale. By the way, your 'sexy Springbok' Susan Nell in Vol. 10, No. 1 was fantastic.
R K de V, Durban, South Africa

Consider your morale boosted

I am a 17-year-old schoolgirl and love *Mayfair*, especially the letters. In Vol. 10 No. 4 the one on the effect of seeing a penis for the first time brought to mind my own experience some six months ago.

I was taking piano lessons from a man, aged about 40, who lived a few streets away. I used to go straight to his house from school, twice a week. One day when I called, he answered the door in his dressing gown, apologised for being in that state and told me to go in and start my lesson. A few minutes later he joined me, but he was still in his dressing gown.

I was uncomfortably hot so I took off my blazer; I could feel him looking through me. I am very well developed for my age, and school blouses are rather thin.

He stood beside me with both hands in his dressing gown pockets, listening and giving me instructions. I glanced up at him and his gown was gradually working loose.

I tried not to look but couldn't help myself as more and more of him was showing. I had to stop playing as I couldn't concentrate and then, when I looked up, the gown just fell apart. I had to gasp for there before me was a naked man, with a huge, fat, but limp, penis. I looked at it; he looked at me and then it started to grow. I watched as it got bigger and bigger, pointing upright like a huge spear. I was dumbfounded. But not for long.

He moved to me and I reached out and grabbed it. We then had a lesson of a completely different kind . . . but I can definitely say I prefer older men.
(Name and address withheld)

Your *Quest* interview in Vol. 10 No. 6 with a girl who accidentally showed herself to a passerby while she was dressing one morning reminded me of an experience I had on holiday last year. I was staying at a large hotel in Spain with two friends. Our room was on the eighth floor and the view from the balcony was of the hotel opposite. On the first night there I felt ill and stayed in the room while my friends went to get the lay(s) of the land. Feeling bored I went and sat on the balcony and read the paper. Suddenly a light coming on in the hotel opposite caught my eye. We'd brought binoculars with us so, out of idle curiosity, I fetched them and trained them on the lighted room. After a few minutes two girls appeared absolutely naked. One particularly took my eye as she had a

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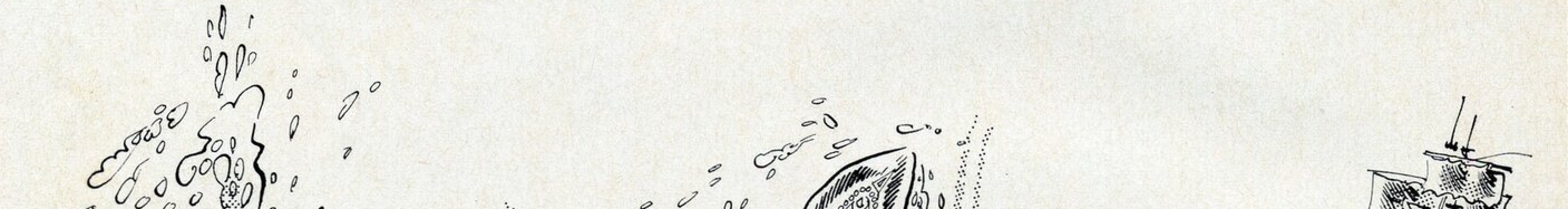
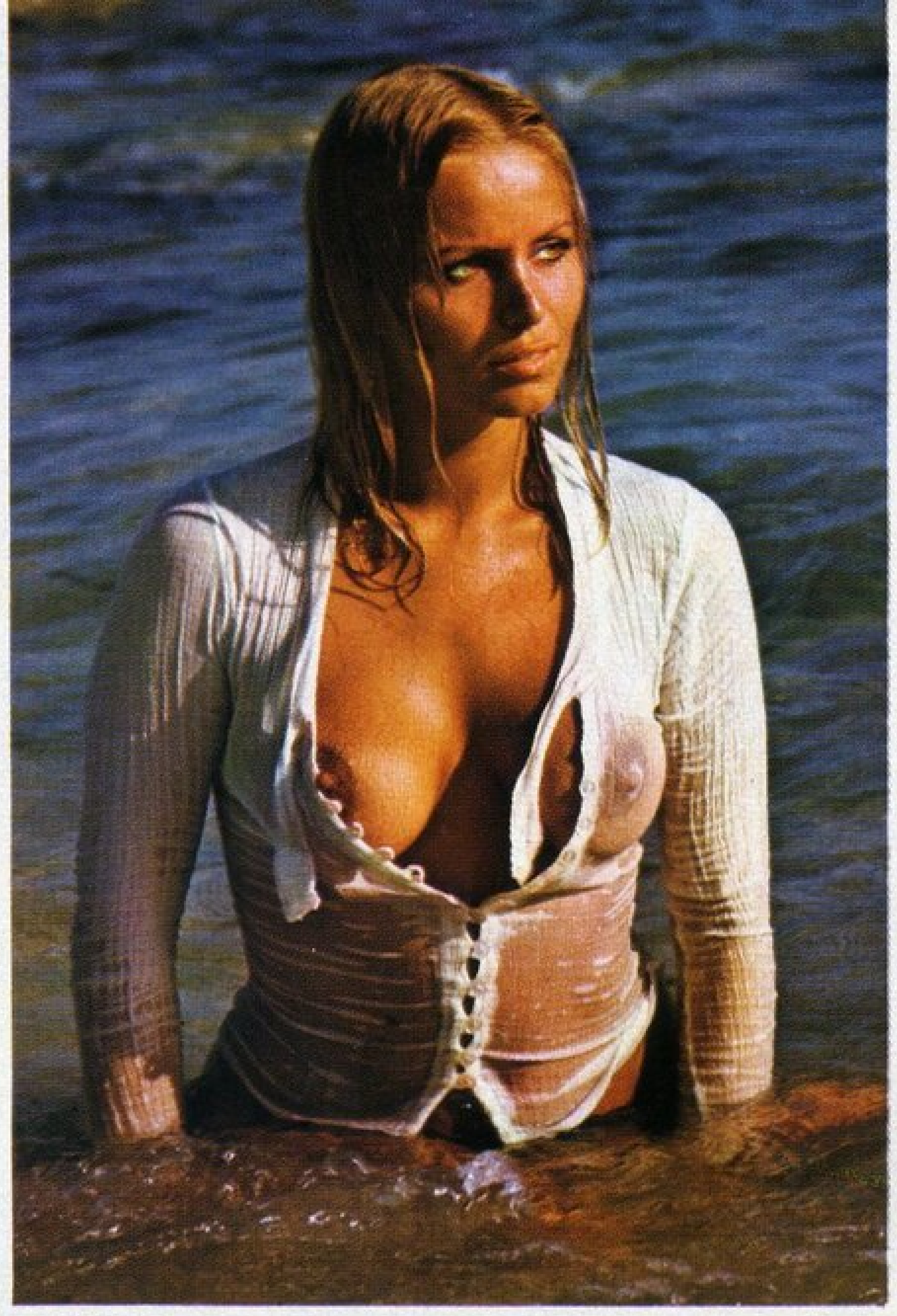
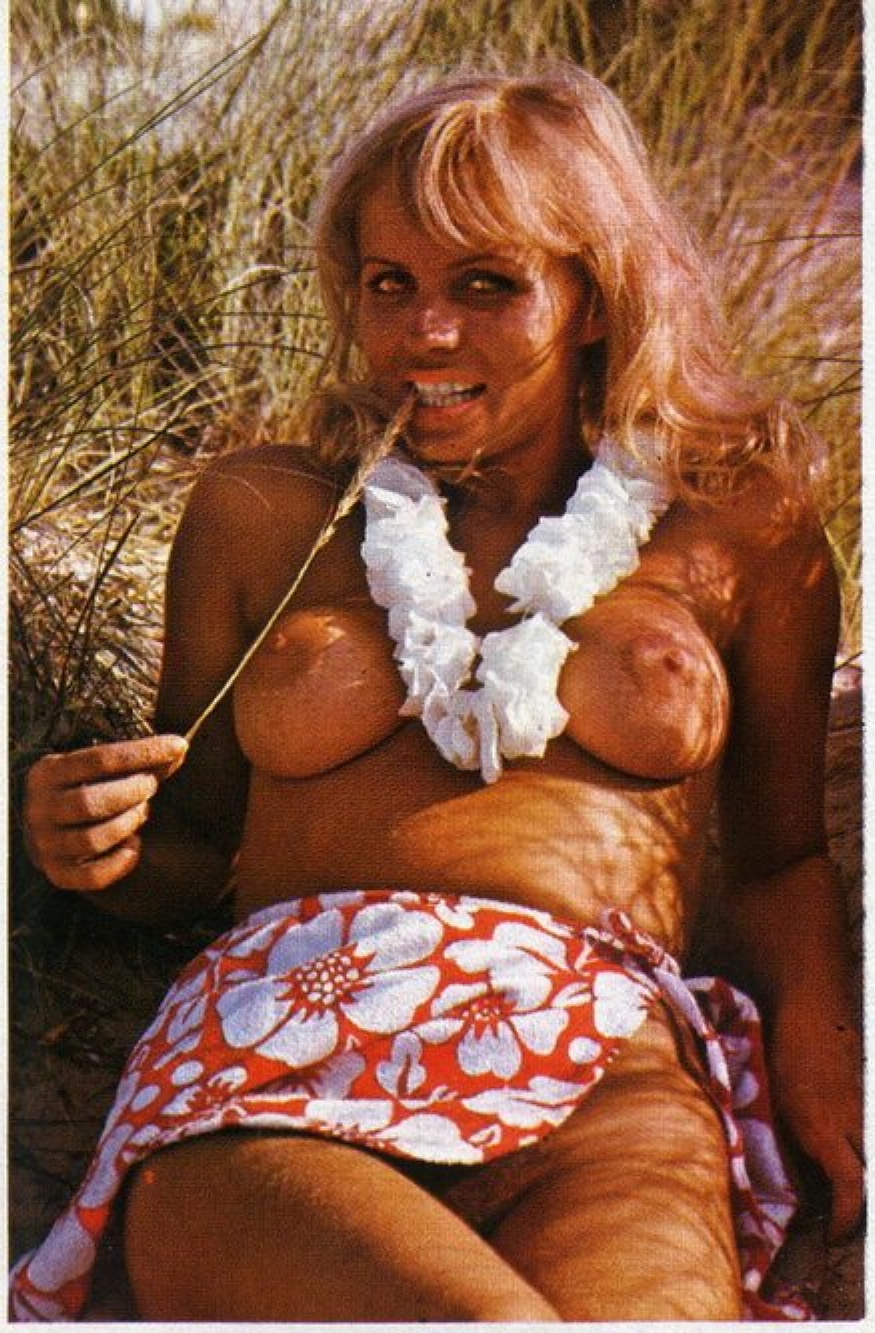


'It all started with the great white whale, then he heard about the great spotted whale, then the great candy-striped whale, then . . . '

JOANA

Vienna is a city for romantics; the *Prater*, a shady park with its funfair immortalised by the film *The Third Man;* the river Danube and innumerable intimate cafés and restaurants create an ambience unrivalled in Europe. 23-year-old Joana Jung sips her coffee and eats another mouthful of creamy *sacher torte*. 'My drama tutor won't be too pleased if I put on weight,' she sighs. 'I'm with the Akademie Theatre and there aren't that many parts for plump girls. I think as long as I keep my figure at 39–24–39 it'll be OK. I go out dancing every night and that's good exercise.'





LETTERS

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fabulous body and, even from a distance, a face to match. The two tried on various articles of clothing, giving me a great show at each change. After about 30 minutes they left the room – dressed.

When my friends returned I told them what had happened and, after being challenged, bet that by the end of the holiday one of those birds would be on my list of conquests. A few evenings later we all went to a dance held at the girls' hotel and to my delight both were there. After a while I asked the one with the terrific figure for a dance then a drink. We got chatting and danced till about one o'clock when I suggested we leave. She agreed and went to tell her friend which allowed me to tell my friends to go back to our room and watch how to win a bet. Suggesting we go to her room, I found myself stepping into the lift with an answer of 'yes'. In the lift I got my first look at her in the light and affirmed what a stunner she was. Her face was a picture of beauty, her breasts seemed to be all-over tanned and hung in a white halter neck and the outline of her tight trousers gave me an erection at the thought. Taking this opportunity I accidentally moved her hand, which I was holding, over the lump in my trousers. A smile was her reaction and I knew I was in.

Reaching her room I made sure she had no chance to turn off the light or pull the curtains and we began to kiss immediately. I was standing at the foot of the bed and she was kneeling on it facing me. She removed my shirt and undid my trousers, letting them slip to the floor. Meanwhile I slipped my hand into her trousers and felt a very damp fanny. I pulled off her top and began to suck her superb breasts while pushing down her trousers. In no time at all she was sucking me so fiercely that I thought I must explode. Pushing her back onto the bed I tore at her paper panties and soon found her vital spot. Her panting turned to groans until with one almighty pull she dragged me on top of her, our lips brushed and my old boy went straight in, causing us both an instantaneous orgasm. Only then did she grow worried about the open curtains and we closed them, though still leaving on the light, before making love a second time. I left shortly afterwards and returned to my own hotel, to my two astonished friends and my winnings.

F H, Essex

Has any other reader ever encountered a female flasher? I was staying in Sheffield recently on business and fairly late decided to walk back to my hotel. I took a short cut through some small back streets which were still lit with those old time street lamps which are not as tall as the present-day ones. Under one of these lamp-posts were two girls one about 17 and one about 15. They were talking and laughing but I could tell from their darting looks that they had seen me approaching. As I passed them I looked at the elder one who was wearing a fairly loose fitting cotton shift-type dress. She stared straight at me in that particularly brazen mocking way some girls have, and then, to my utter astonishment, she lifted her dress right up to show she was completely bare underneath – not even pubic hair.

I reckon I'm pretty quick on clinching a sale. I immediately stopped and said something like: 'That's the nicest thing I've seen all day.' To my further surprise the girl just said, 'Don't try to get off with us, you dirty minded sod,' and both girls stalked off. I still don't know what it was about.

G D H, Bristol

Fanny by gaslight, perhaps?

Daphne Gregg, your knickerless wood nymph (Vol. 10 No. 4) was really something. The three lingering shots of Daphne taking her knicks off I found fascinating. Can we have more of those technically difficult sneaky shots up the skirts of young ladies who have forgotten to put their knickers on? The thought takes me back years to an incident that happened when I was touring the Lake District with my then girlfriend.

One morning we enjoyed a 'session' in a secluded copse, for which she slipped smartly out of pants and stuffed them in her handbag. We later that morning called in at a pub. A young and handsome landlord appeared behind the bar and I ordered drinks and went to find the gents. On my return I was conscious of a changed atmosphere between the landlord and my girl. He had a sly grin on his face and she looked as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth, I knew her well enough to realise she had been leading him on and I was curious to know how.

In a far corner of the bar there was a glass case with a stuffed fox inside. I went over and pretended to be engrossed in it. In reality I was watching their reflections in the glass. Sure enough I soon saw her legs casually cross and re-cross several times on her high bar stool. Knowing her knickerless state and her liking for short skirts – and the effect they had – I could guess what the landlord had seen and was seeing. When I eventually turned round the fellow's eyes were practically popping out of his head.

It did me no harm. Soon after we left the pub she wanted it again and was even randier than usual until she got it. As I delivered the last few thrusts I hissed, 'And that's for giving that bloke an eyeful of your fanny!' She had a terrific orgasm and afterwards admitted the thrill she had got from flashing her pubes at a good-looking stranger.

W N, Brighton

I was interested by Dr. Vintner's reply to a letter in *Second Opinion*, concerning vasectomy and the Vasectomy club.

There is another club, besides the one he mentions, called the Safe Society at PO Box 6, Guildford, Surrey.

I am a member and sport the club tie, membership card etc. The club is a non-profit making body – any excess funds go towards local child charities.

F Smith, Dunsfold, Surrey

Frequently in *Second Opinion* and other medical columns letters and answers appear on the pros and cons of male circumcision. Whether there's a loss of sensation because of the operation? Does a circumcised penis look nicer? Does the operation eliminate cancer of the penis? These questions have been gone into thoroughly enough, but I wonder if your readers realise that it's not only males who can be circumcised.

For many years back doctors performed female circumcision

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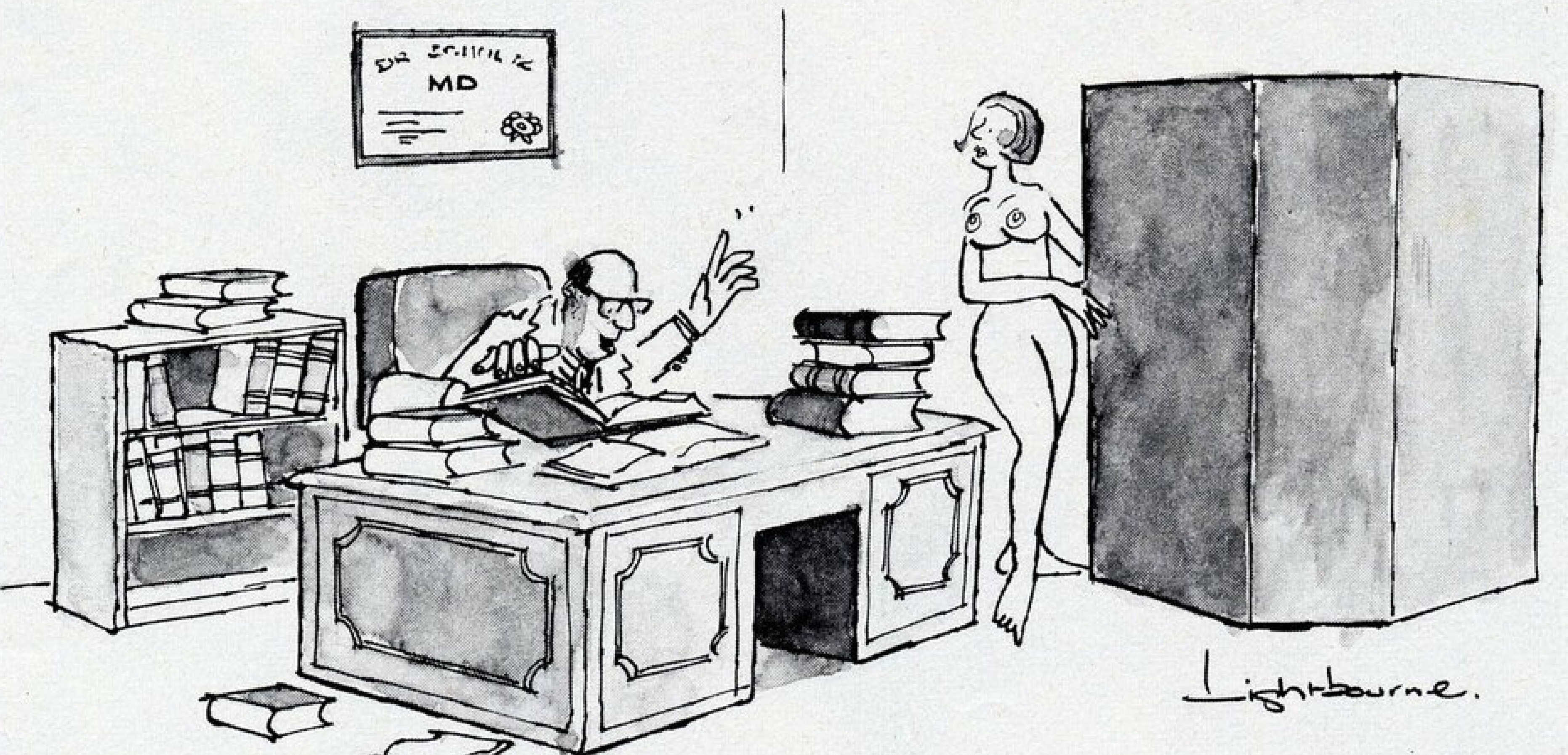
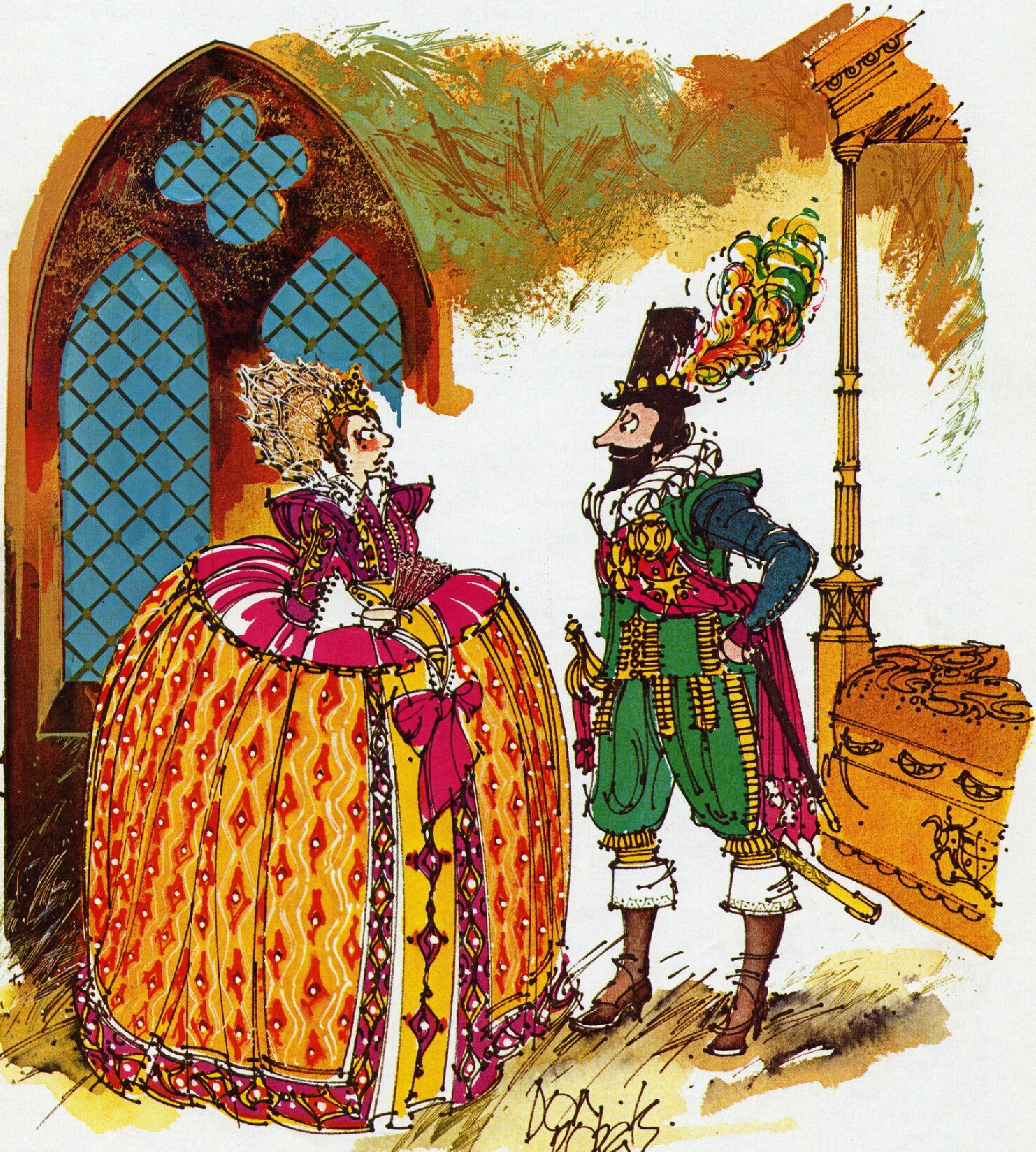
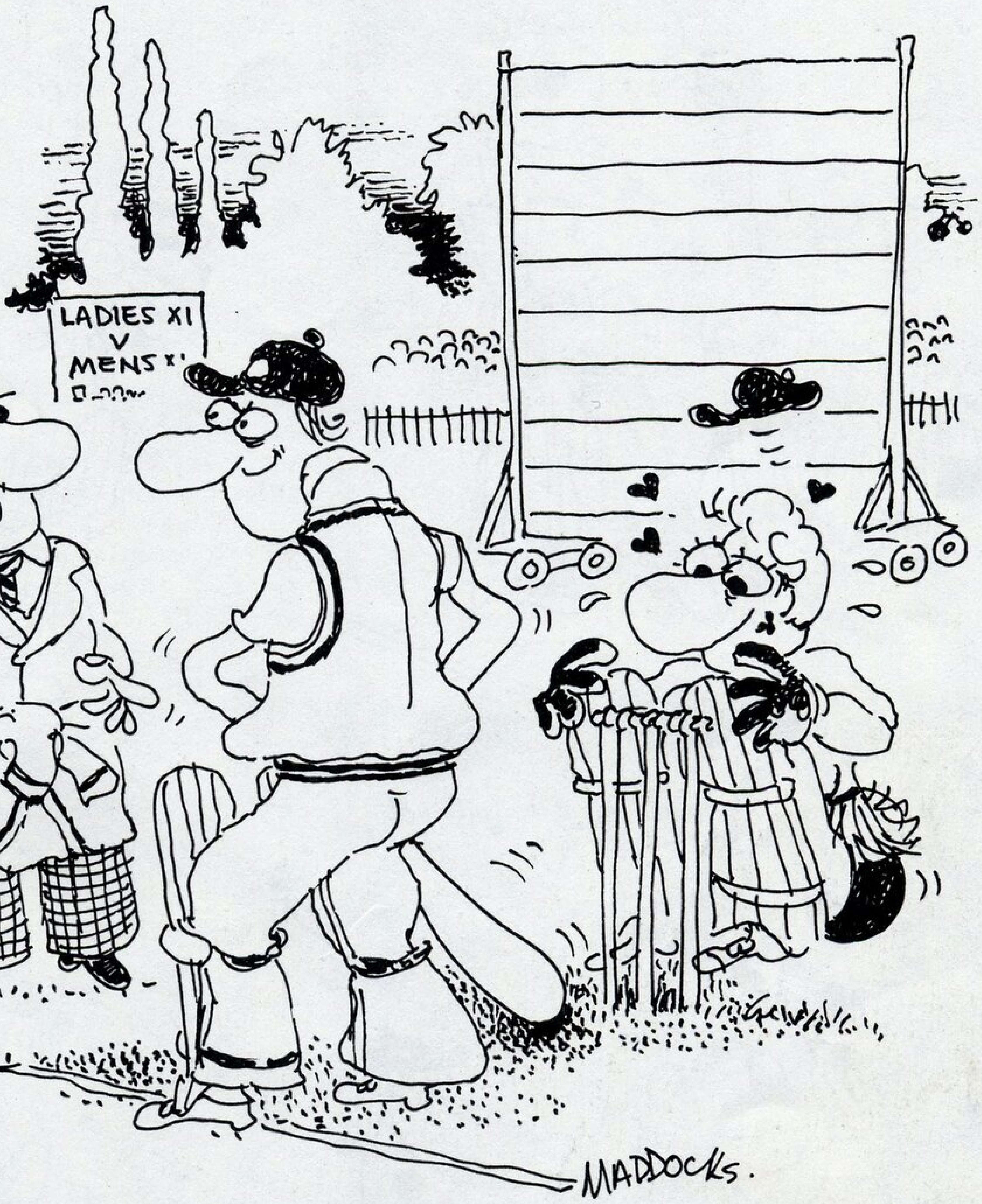


'Just a moment Miss Brown. Don't get dressed yet; I've found another test we can do!'



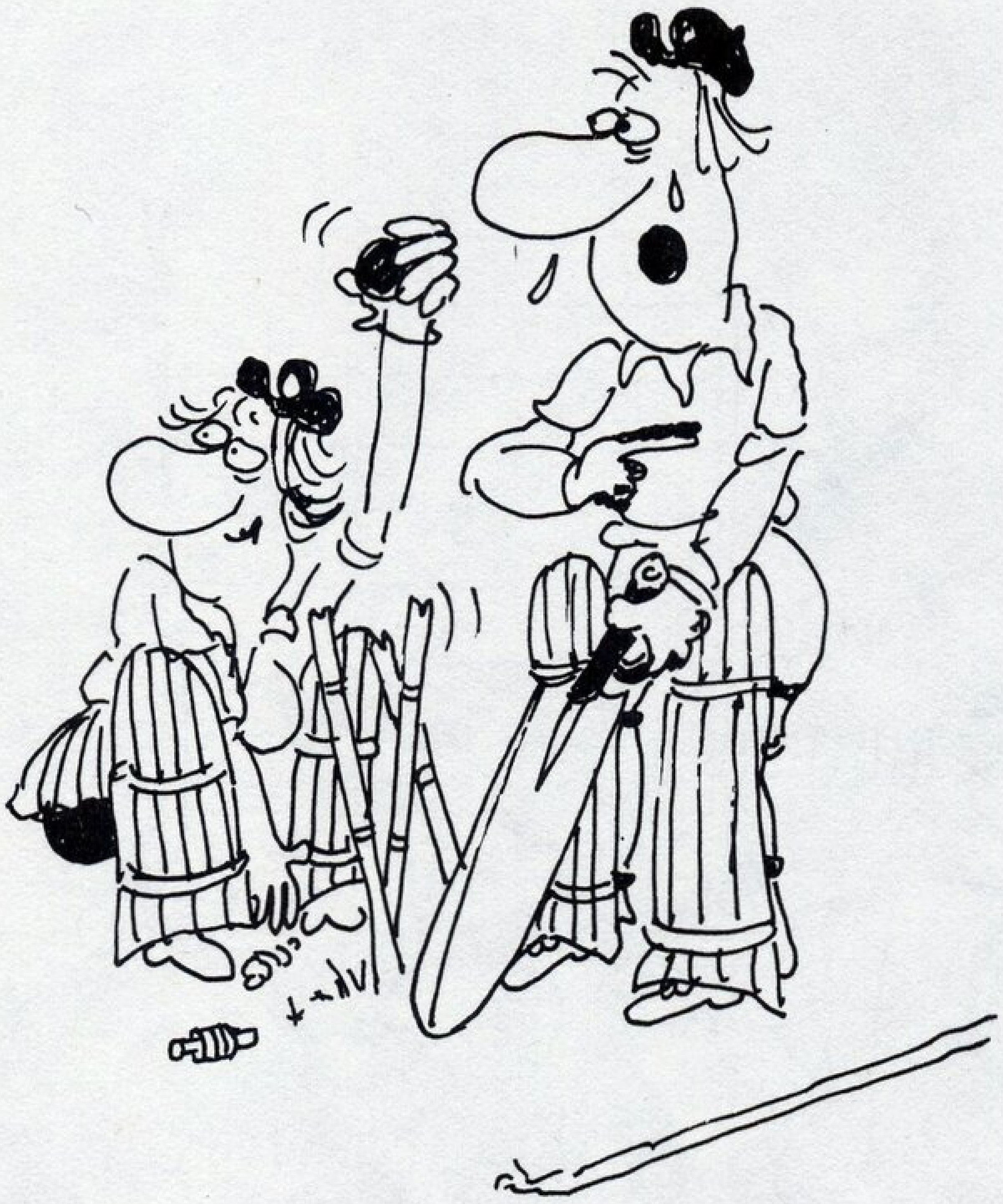
'What do you mean, just a quickie?'


LADIES XI
V
MENS XI
MADDOCKS.

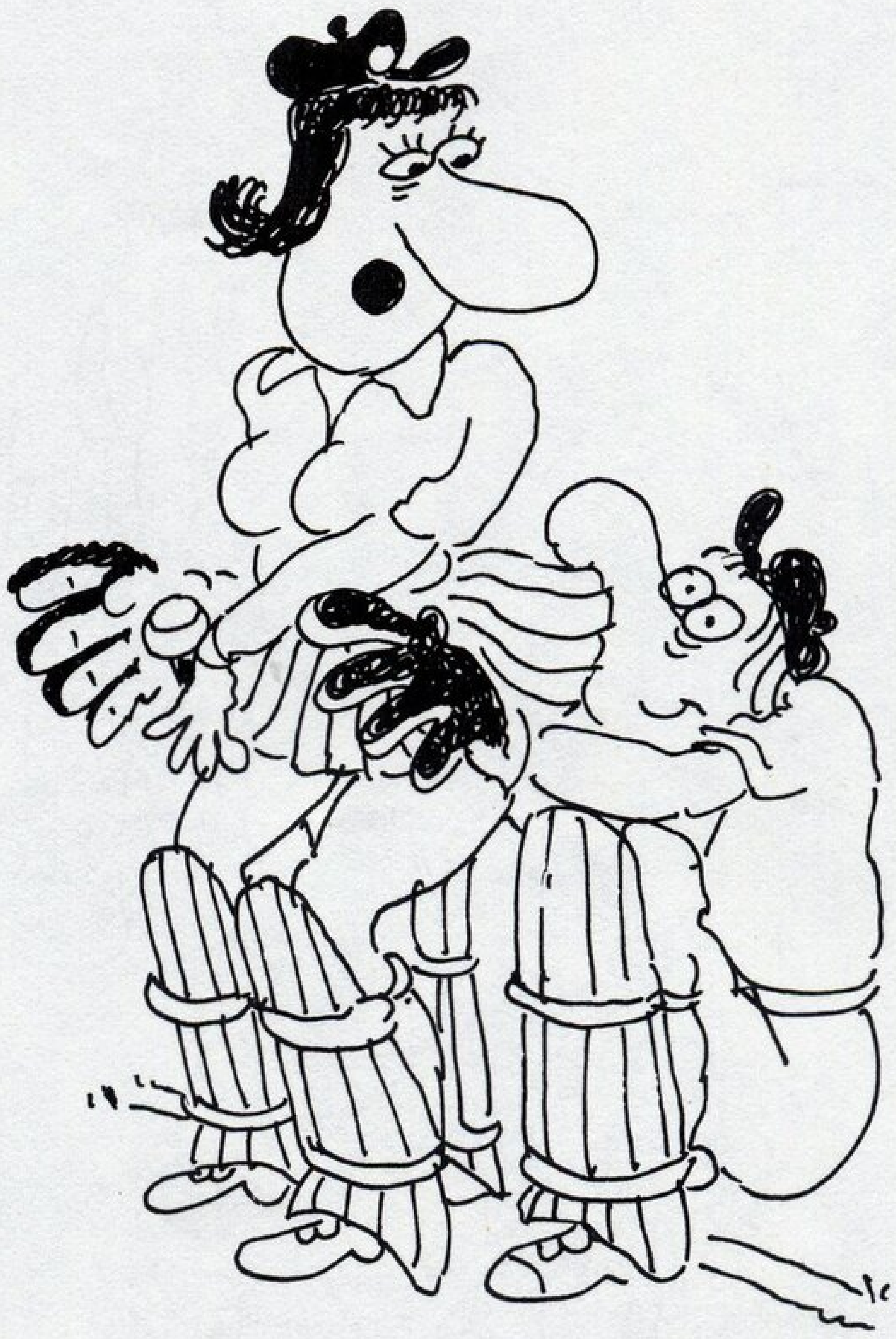
'Use the bat old chap . . . some of these girls in the ladies' team are barely out of college.'

HIT FOR SEX

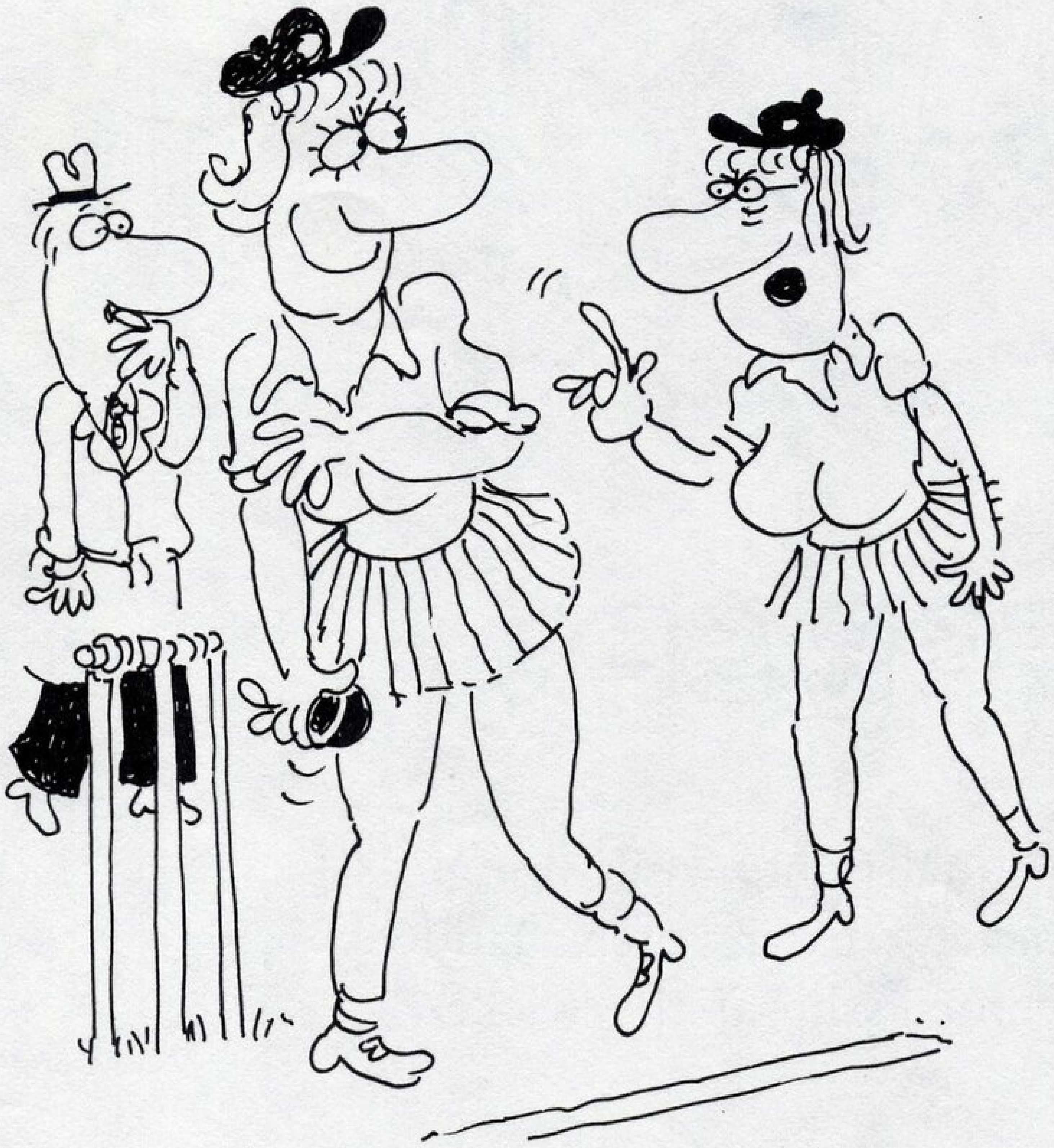
Will the new 'equal rights' laws bring more girls to the cricket crease? Peter Maddocks speculates on women's lib at the wicket



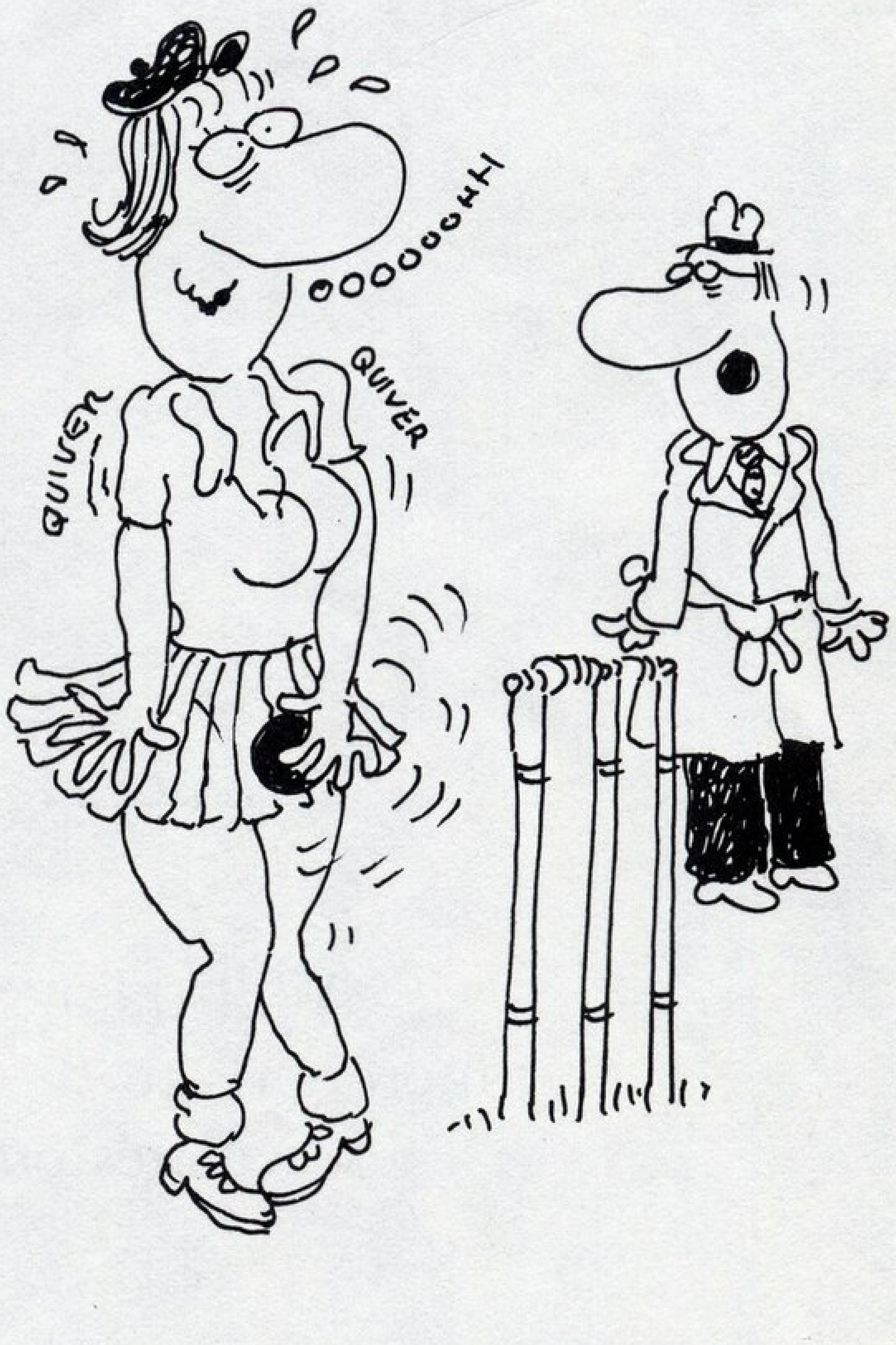
'How am I supposed to keep my eye on the ball when the fast bowler isn't wearing a bra?'



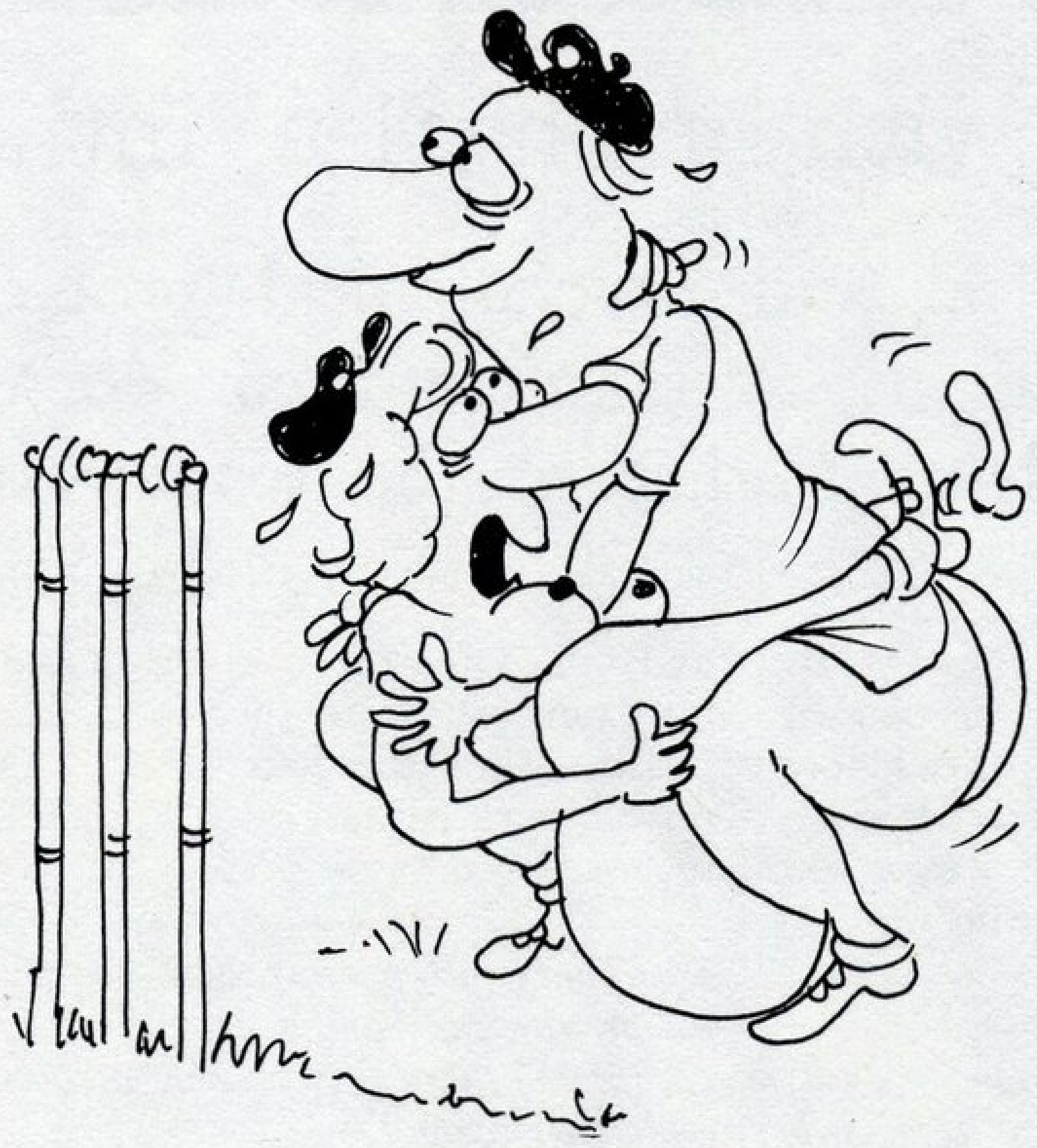
'If you're going to stump me, I'd rather you did it in the orthodox manner.'



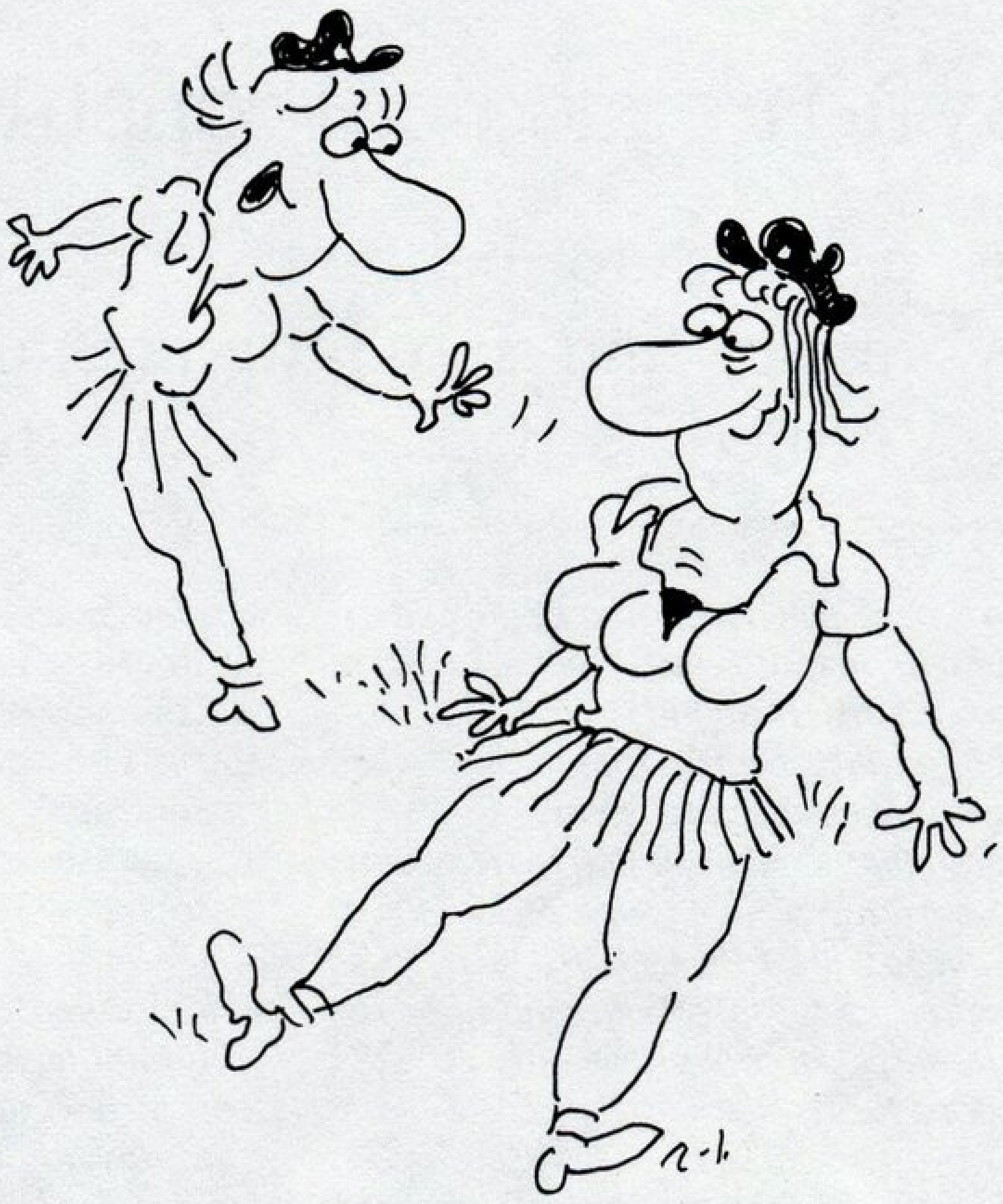
'Edna, dear, I said "googlies," not "goolies"!'



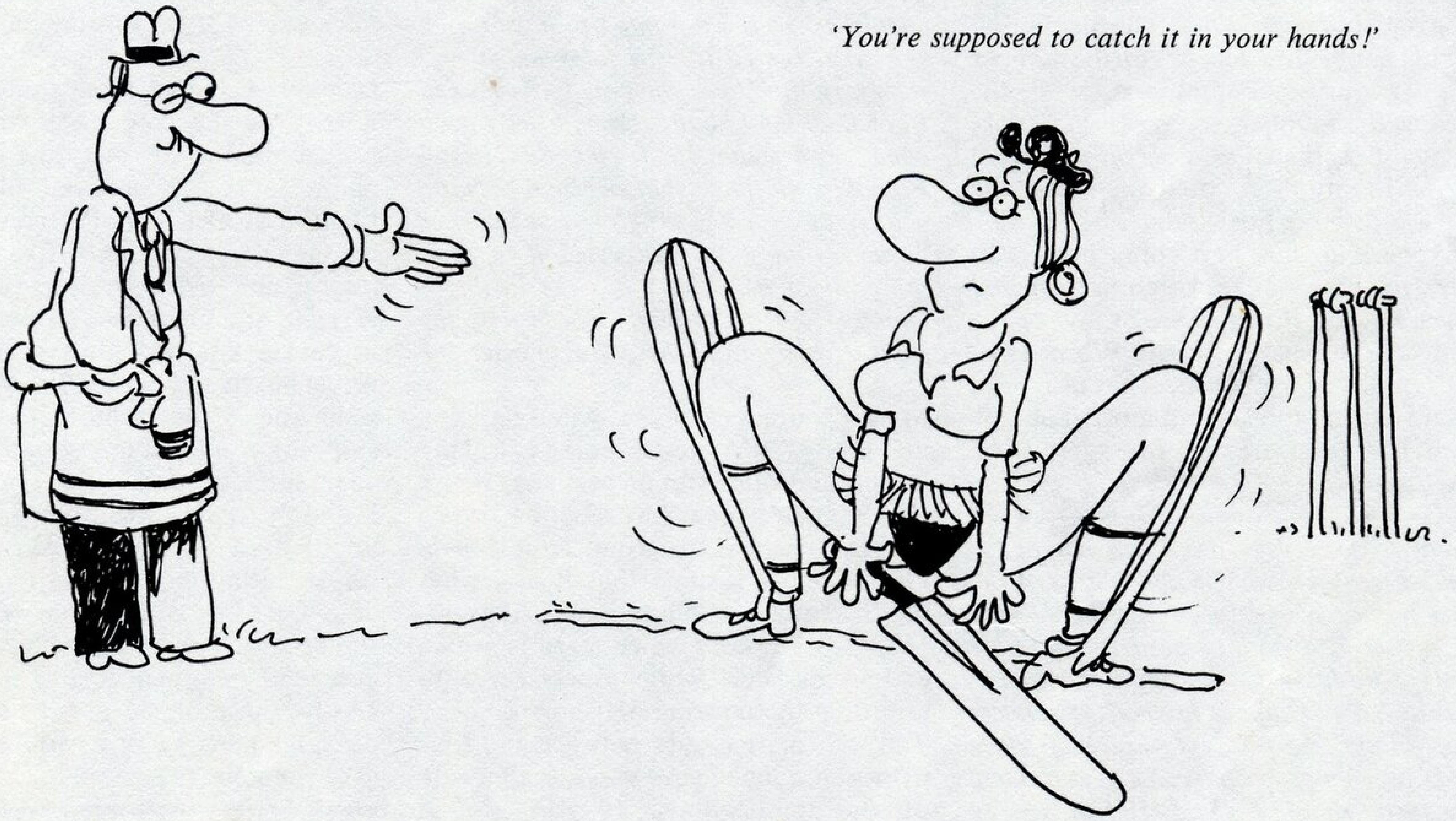
'Can we have a little less ball polishing and a little more bowling, Miss?'

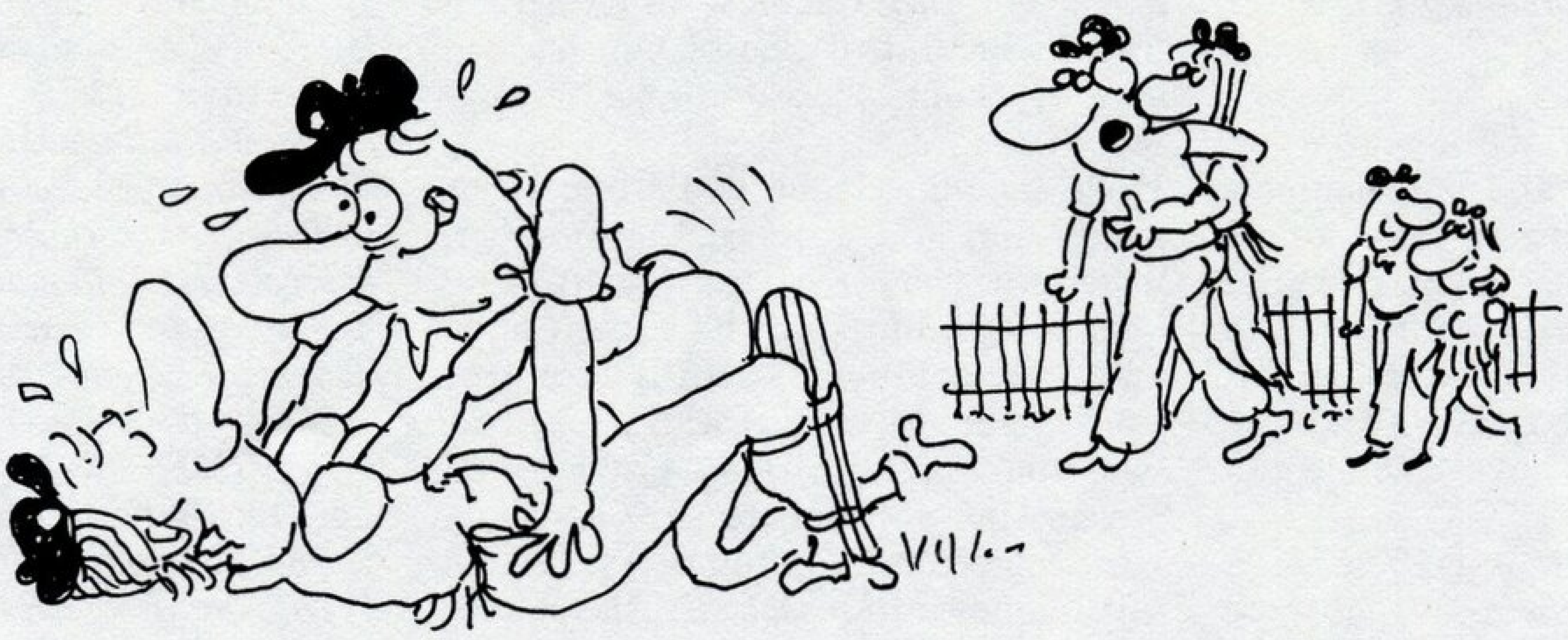


'Did that stupid umpire say "no ball"?'



'You're supposed to catch it in your hands!'





'Harry, do you realise you're the last man out?'

SECOND OPINION

Mayfair's medical consultancy with Dr. Charles Vintner

This page is to help readers with medical and psychological problems they might find too intimate, or too slight, to take to their doctors. Dr. Vintner's advice is meant to complement that of the reader's GP

I enjoy oral sex with my boyfriend as well as with my husband, though I reserve full sex for my husband.

My boyfriend sleeps around, but when we are together, his penis looks so beautiful that I can't resist it. However, I am worried sick in case he picks up VD from one of his other girlfriends. If he had picked up an infection, could he pass it on to me, even though we only go '69'? C.L., Croydon.

YES! You can get a venereal infection from an infected penis. The likelihood of this happening depends on the number of girls your boyfriend has sex with: the greater the number, the greater the risk. Remember, that if you become infected in the mouth, *you* could then pass the disease to your husband.

Anyone who has had contact with an infected person can catch a venereal disease – and it can strike at any of the body's orifices, even the ear. Women can get syphilis of the breast, it has also been found on the tonsils and more than one man has been treated for syphilis of the finger.

Even as a 23 year old I am not at all well versed in sexual techniques. On the past few occasions when I've made love to a girl I've had to stop my already fumbly foreplay to put my condom on, with the result that it breaks the tenderness of the moment, my erection fades and my girlfriend becomes extremely annoyed. What is the best way to use the condom, without breaking love-play? O.D., Oxford.

Apart from putting the condom on right from the start (and that hampers oral sex, and cuts down on sensations if your girlfriend is arousing you by hand) the best idea is to ask your girlfriend to put it on you when you're ready. In this way, it continues to be part of the love act and could well have a bonus in exciting her more.

As an alternative, there is a whole range of contraceptive devices available to your girlfriend – diaphragms, IUDs, the Pill, and more recently 'C' Films. These are squares of dissolving material treated with a contraceptive agent which can be inserted into the vagina a few minutes before intercourse or can be placed on the top of the penis before entry. The only point to watch here is to ensure that you don't ejaculate for a few minutes so as to give the film time to dissolve.

My husband and I have become friendly with another couple, Eric and Jane, who live a few doors along from us. One Saturday night when we had them over for dinner, Eric startled us when he quite openly asked if we wanted to have group sex. We treated it as a joke and it was soon forgotten, but when my husband and I got thinking about it later, after they'd gone, we began to regret our haste. Probably we made that decision because neither of us knew exactly what happens during group sex. Can you tell us anything about it? Who takes the lead, for example? How would we bring the subject up again? C.D., Manchester.

Many couples confuse wife-swapping and group sex. Wife-swapping is usually an out and out swap of partners, where each couple goes off to separate rooms for sex. There is no group atmosphere. Group sex (I assume that this is what you mean) is a much more social event. Many such affairs which start as a joke end in disaster, while others serve to reinforce the matrimonial bonds.

Talk the matter over between the four of you and make sure you are all aware of the implications. If you are in agreement, then the 'how and where' is up to you. But, if one of you has any sort of doubt, then don't go through with it.

If, on the other hand, you are in agreement, aim for a relaxed atmosphere with some wine (not too much), some light snacks, music to choice, soft lights and a discreet room heater. It's common for these affairs to start with a husband/wife making love. This provides the voyeuristic atmosphere which is the basic ingredient of group sex. It gets the other couple aroused. Later, the couples change partners.

Each event is different, and as intimacy between the couples grows, variations in partnering follow: two husbands and one wife; the two wives and one husband; all four together; the two husbands, or the two wives. There is no standard pattern once you get down to it – you develop your own.

I suffer from perspiration odour from my private parts and working in a crowded office all day it is causing me extreme embarrassment.

No matter how many times I wash, use talcum powder or change my briefs, the odour persists. What do you think is the cause? J.K.S., Birmingham.

It may be one of three things. Firstly, it may be the type of underwear you use. A number of men just can't wear nylon (or other artificial fibre) briefs because of irritation. (Some women are unable to wear tights for this same reason and overcome the problem by wearing stockings and suspenders and/or cotton knickers, thus enabling their private parts to breathe. Try a medicated soap and if that fails there is nothing stopping you from trying out a woman's vaginal deodorant.

Secondly, the complaint may be brought about by a dietary problem: you may not be eating the correct foods. Consult your GP as he will be able to undertake the necessary tests before advising on a course of treatment.

Lastly, the problem may be psychological, and here again it would be necessary for your GP to advise you.

Dr. Vintner welcomes your letters and all letters will be treated as confidential. No names and addresses will ever be published, but full names and addresses must be included in your letters. Your letters will be acknowledged by an acknowledgement sent in a plain sealed envelope. The name Dr. Charles Vintner is a pseudonym for a qualified medical practitioner.

DR. VINTNER REPLIES ONLY TO LETTERS FOR PUBLICATION. NO CORRESPONDENCE WILL OTHERWISE BE ENTERED INTO.

Address your letters to: Dr. Charles Vintner, Mayfair Magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London, WC2A 1DZ.

FILMS

Gerald Cole

Overshadowing everything else this month – if only by reason of its length (three hours 20 minutes without visible break) **The Godfather Part II** (X) continues the bloody saga of the American Mafioso 'Family', the Corleones, begun in the original film. That showed how mild-mannered scholarly Michael Corleone – a humble war hero – came to lord it over the entire US Mafia after the death of his gangster father, Vito (Marlon Brando). Brando is absent from the sequel, though Vito still appears as a young man (played convincingly by Robert De Niro).

The film moves on two contrasting levels, charting young Vito's initiation – and first success – in the American Mafia at the turn of the century, and his grandson Michael's control of the super-sophisticated crime syndicate he inherits in the sixties. Vito struggling to survive in a squalid immigrant community, is a family man – in the old sense of the word – forced into crime to feed his wife and children. Michael (played again by Al Pacino) heads an organisation that exists only to perpetuate its own wealth and power. Despite reiterated promises to his wife (Diane Keaton) that his empire will become legitimate in five years, Michael cannot drop the reins. Even impotent enemies must be eliminated, including members of his own family. He reaches the inevitable end of the path Vito took: total power, complete moral bankruptcy, an emotional desert.

The theme is treated with huge competence, finely judged performances from everyone – particularly Lee Strasberg (founder of 'the Method' school of acting), as a wily, aged gangster, and meticulous direction from Francis Ford Coppola. Its only problem is that the same ideas were treated just as fully – though with more verve and a great deal more blood – in the first *Godfather*. Part II is more muted, more philosophical but all it really offers is further adventures in an everyday story of Mafia folk. It's a measure of the success of both films that this gangster gossip – since it is very little more than that – is sufficient to sustain such a long film. But if you haven't seen either hang on for the first – it's shorter, compacter, says exactly the same things and a lot more actually happens.

'Happening' is a not unreasonable description of **The Passenger** (A), latest from *Blow Up* director, Michelangelo Antonioni. Though there is a fairly dynamic plot – TV reporter Jack Nicholson, disenchanted with his profession, swaps identities with a stranger only to discover that the man was an arms dealer to African revolutionaries and is being hotly pursued by security forces – the emphasis is purely on state of mind. Modern life, says Antonioni, is so cut off from any genuine feeling or emotion that individual reality is just that – what the individual decides it will be. The only certain things are the immediate *minutiae* of everyday life – hence the precise duplication of the atmosphere of a London park in *Blow Up*, and, in *Passenger*, the arid wastes of Chad and the flyblown plazas of Spain. Unfortunately reality continuing on its own dogged way, eventually catches up with those who avoid it and the result, in *Passenger*, is tragedy. It's a nice philosophical thought – and in the milieu of industrial Italy, where Antonioni's first films were set – it could well be based on truth. But applying it generally to the modern world, as *Passenger* does, is pushing an idea at the expense of the way most people behave and think. No one in the film – with the exception of Maria Schneider, whose forte anyway is a kind of wilful aimlessness – looks at ease. A film about the boredom and vacuity of modern life runs an awful risk of being boring and vacuous itself. The mood even infects the technical side; the final shot runs an astonishing 11 minutes – most cinema shots last about six seconds – an agonisingly slow tracking shot that encompasses the arrival of the villains, a murder, its discovery by the police and the chugging progress of a local 'L' driver. Technically superb then, philosophically interesting, but as entertainment or art definitely depressing.

I Don't Want To Be Born (X) couples two currently fashionable themes of murderous babies and exorcism. A possessed baby nightly demolishes its nursery and eventually its parents, until a nun takes him for a little exorcise.

The Ghoul (X), accompanying the former on a double bill, features the well-worn plot of a 'thing' imprisoned in the attic of an isolated house and feeding on the odd unwelcome guest. Neither film is very strong on credibility, despite a pleasing virtuoso performance from Joan Collins as the baby's mother in the first, and Peter Cushing's taut playing of the 'thing's' father in the second. But even he cannot avoid horrible bathos with lines like 'My son has always been a trouble to me. I should have had him destroyed years ago.'

A copulating Lee Grant and Warren Beatty or, for a change, a copulating Warren Beatty and Julie Christie, nude pot-smoking hippies, heaving bosoms and ample bouts of pelvic thrusting. Your type of film? Then read on . . . Already hailed as the greatest movie of the year, **Shampoo** (X) while undoubtedly a biting essay on American society, is perhaps one of the year's most overrated productions.

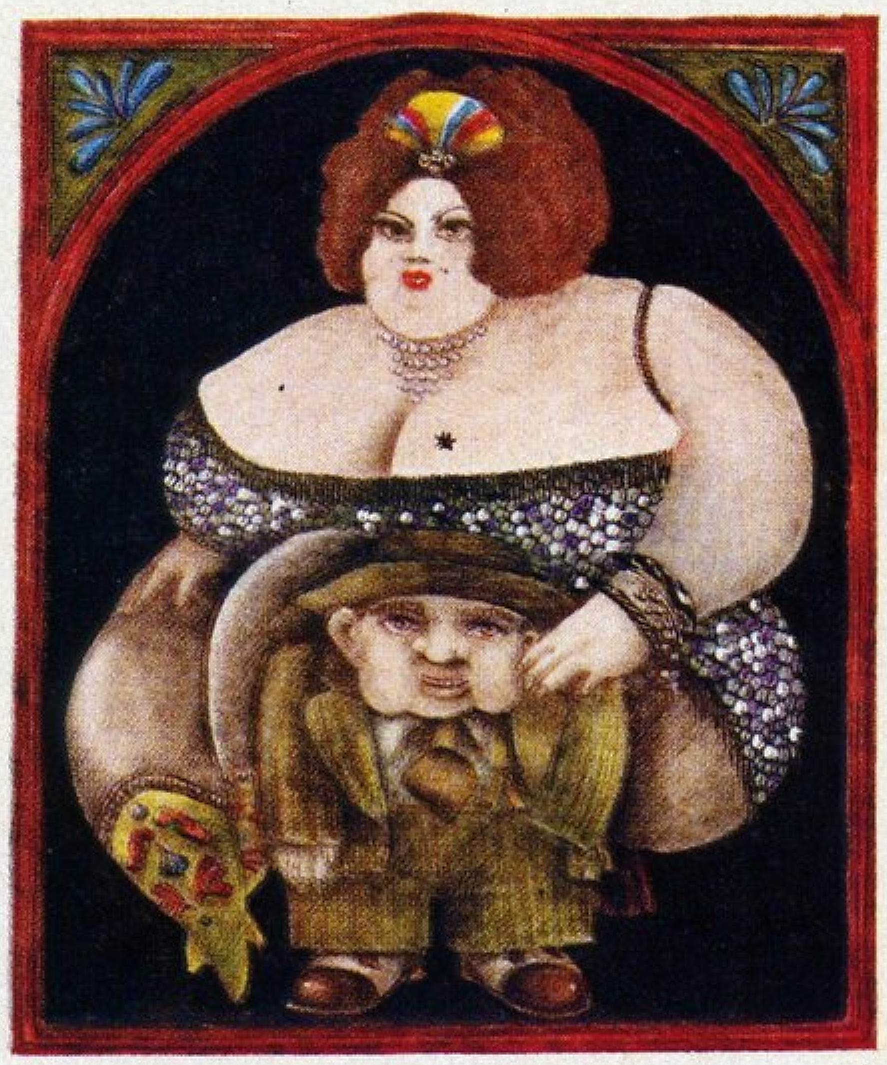
The plot follows the exploits of motor-bike-riding George, a highly-sexed Los Angeles hairdresser (Warren Beatty; his real life reputation as a lady-killer, makes him a good choice in this role) who, between jumping into bed with an assortment of all-too-willing customers is determined to set up in business for himself – hairdressing, that is. How does he get away with all the screwing? Well, the husbands obviously reckon that beauty school graduate hairdressers are poofs. Wrong. Julie Christie is delectable as George's past and/or present girlfriend, Jackie; Goldie Hawn, ultra-slinky and highly sexy as his *real* (well, sort of) girlfriend, Jill; and Lee Grant admirable as his at-other-times bed partner, Felicia. Now, Felicia's husband, Lester (played by Jack Warden) just happens to be Jackie's sugar-daddy . . . Story's centred around and about November 5, 1968, the day of the US Presidential Election – inane Nixon/Agnew mumblings flit from background TV sets. Director Hal Ashby and indeed, Warren Beatty who co-scripted the picture, bring it home with a bang that everything's tumbling down around us; that corruption in high places is only a grandiose version of that in suburban Los Angeles. If you can't run your own lives properly, what hope is there of running a country?

CAROL

Historians are fond of referring to Carlisle as 'the last outpost of England' and as you gaze at that great sweep of fells which lead up to the Scottish border, you can almost hear the skirl of pipes echoing on the breeze. 22-year-old Carol Bridger takes another sip at the exotic, flower-festooned drink in her hand and sighs. 'I think it's got alcoholic poisoning.' She prods the sun-yellow bloom. 'Did you know that Carlisle used to be the first stop for raping and pillaging when England was invaded from Scotland?' She laughs, unfettered breasts, a soft 37 inches balanced by a 24 waist and 36 hips, jiggling happily. 'Those must have been quite fun times and just think, you'd have found out what Scots wear under their kilts! Perhaps one of your Scottish readers will write and tell me.'

With photo-session over, we adjourn to the *Crown and Mitre* hotel in English Street for a drink and a meal. 'It's very handy for me,' explains Carol,' as I live just off Castle Street and that's only up the road from here. I was born in a tiny little place called Thirlspot. That's right on Thirlmere in the Lake District, so I really am a local girl. I had this boyfriend once who used to take me hiking up around Scafell Pike. I remember the expression on his face the first time we went. I turned up wearing a mini-skirt and high heels – I honestly thought we were going for some gentle amble along country lanes. I was wiser next time though – full combat gear! Trouble is though that my bulky walking gear tends to hide my figure, and I *do* like wearing soft and feminine clothes. That's why I like my trips to London occasionally, to keep up with fashions. They take a bit of time to reach us, and I hate being out-of-date.' Could *anyone* think of Carol as being nothing but a square?

Gentlemen, that reminds me...



A round-up of after-dinner jokes

Having won a fortune on the football pools, the young bachelor decided it an opportune time to become a member of the jet-set. So he bought a new Lamborghini, and learned that jet-setters could often be found in discreet pubs in the New Forest. So off he set and after passing several pubs, came across one outside of which were parked a dozen or so exotic cars. He drove his car in alongside them, got out and entered the pub. But there was no one there except a beautiful buxom barmaid.
'I'll have a Campari and soda,' he said, 'And, by the way, where are the owners of those cars outside?'
'They're mine,' the barmaid replied.
'Yours?' queried the flabbergasted fellow. 'How did you get them?'
'I won them in bets,' she replied.
'What sort of bets?'
The barmaid then called to the back of the bar and out came a young boy. 'This is my brother, Tommy,' she said. 'If you can't do three things better than him, then I'll take your car.'
'And if I win?' asked the bachelor.
'You can have me for the night.'
The bachelor thought it a good bet and hastily agreed.
'Now, Tommy,' said the barmaid, 'stick your hand down my blouse.' This Tommy did. 'Now it's your turn,' continued the buxom wench, turning to the young bachelor. It couldn't be easier, he thought to himself as he sampled the fullness of her breasts.
'Now, Tommy,' she continued, 'stick your hand up my skirt.' Tommy did as was told, and then the young man was told to do likewise. He could hardly contain himself as he thrust his hand up her skirt and found a distinct lack of knickers.
The barmaid, obviously well pleased with herself then turned to Tommy and said, 'Now, brother, take out your little willie winkle and bend it in two.'

If you crossed an elephant with a prostitute, you'd get a two-ton pick-up who'd do it for peanuts and remember you for ever.

A man with a lump on his most vital appendage visited his doctor and asked what he thought it was.
'You know boxers get cauliflower ears? Well, you've got brothel sprouts.'

Susan, the circus fat lady, had married a midget and, for a short time, relations thought that everything was fine. However, one day, Susan showed up in the divorce court and asked for a decree on the grounds that her husband was a midget.
'Surely you knew he was a midget before you married him?' questioned the learned judge. 'Didn't you realise the difficulties this marriage would involve?'
'Oh how was I to know?' sobbed Susan. 'Everything was all right except for sex.'
'Sex?' queried the judge, 'what has his being a midget got to do with sex?'
'Well, Your Honour,' she continued tearfully, 'when we're nose to nose, his toes are in; when we're toes to toes, his nose is in; and when he's in, he disappears all together, and oh, Your Honour, I get so lonely.'

A small inoffensive man stood at the bar when a hefty bovver-boy came up behind him and gave him a blow to the head. The unsuspecting victim was out cold. The bovver-boy threw 50p on the bar and told the barman, 'when he comes round, give him a drink and tell him "Karate chop – 1975 Black Belt".'
A week later, the bovver-boy was in his local having a quiet pint when the small gentleman crept up and hit the bovver-boy on the head, knocking him out. The little chap reached in his pocket and threw 50p on the bar. 'When he comes round,' he told the barman, 'give him a drink and tell him "starting handle, 1964 Bedford".'

Paula Denisovich, Russia's greatest ballerina, was about to give her final performance. 'Paula you must give everything tonight,' said Mischa, her manager. That night when the curtain went up, the spotlight found Paula on the first balcony. While the drums rolled she floated down to the stage and performed an *arabesque*. She went into the wings and reappeared on the second balcony. Again the drums rolled as she jumped to the stage and went into a *pas de deux*. Finally, from the third balcony she landed on stage in a perfect splits. The audience was in raptures. At last, the curtain descended, the audience left but Paula was still on stage in splits.
'Do me a favour,' she asked Mischa.
'Certainly, my little comrade.'
'Rock me back and forth and break the suction.'

The randiness of Col Fotheringay's prize stallion was legend throughout the hunt. On returning to his box one day, the Colonel found he had engine trouble. Realising his plight his good friend, Tarquin St John, on whose estate the hunt was based, offered to put the Colonel and his stallion up for the night. He made it a condition, though, that as his stable was being rebuilt thus necessitating the stallion to share the one remaining stall with his £25,000 mare, that she would be covered with a sheet for her own 'protection'.
Next morning, when Tarquin went to the stall, only the stallion was there. He searched everywhere for his mare and eventually came across a policeman.
'Have you seen a mare covered with a sheet?' he asked.
'No,' replied the constable, 'but I did see one gallop past with a handkerchief sticking out of its backside.'

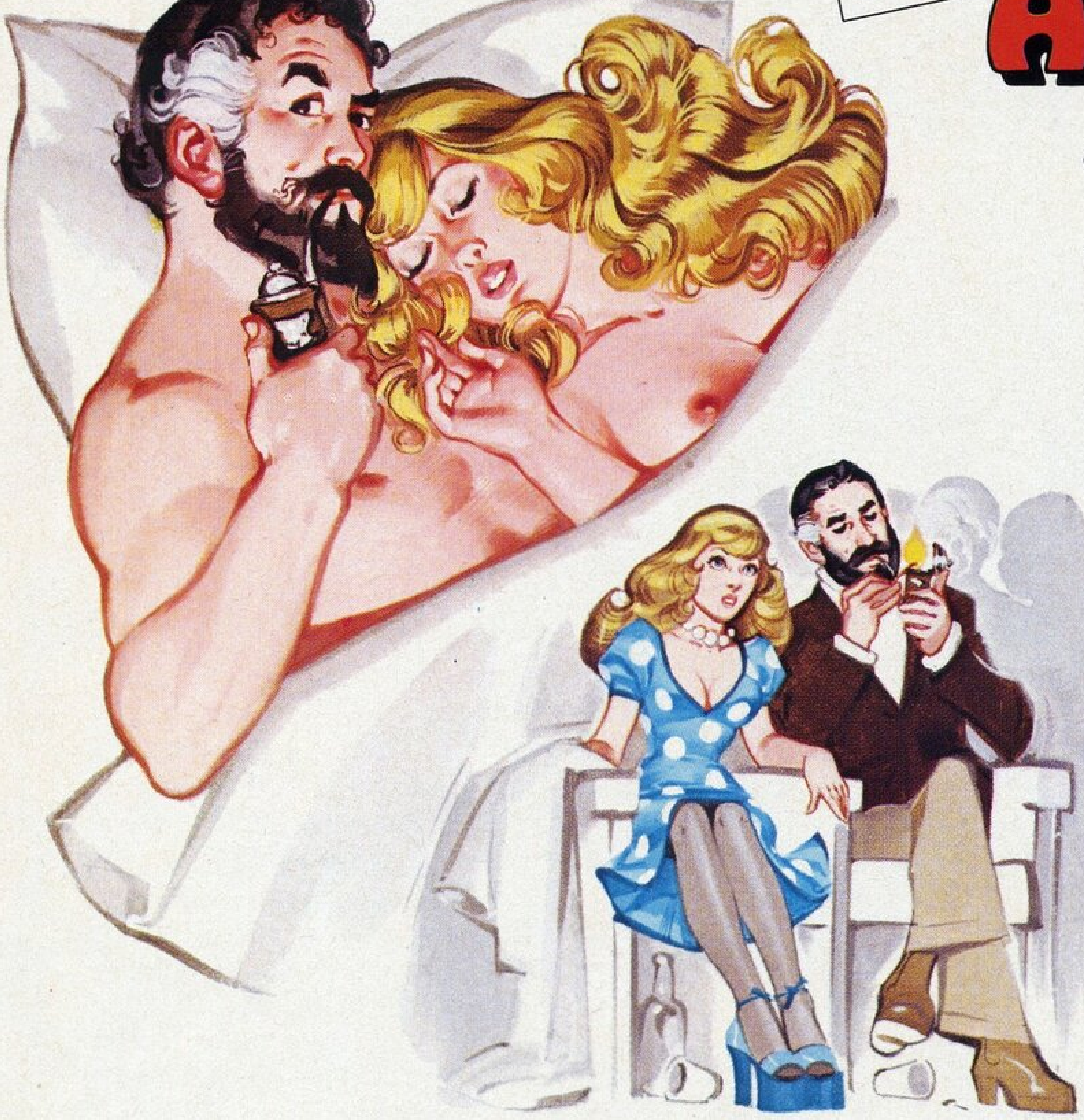
There was a young man named Hughes
Who swore off all kinds of booze.
He said, 'When I'm muddled
My senses are fuddled,
And I pass up too many screws.'

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2. There is a free subscription for the reader whose letter is selected. In case of duplication of jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on awarding a subscription is final.

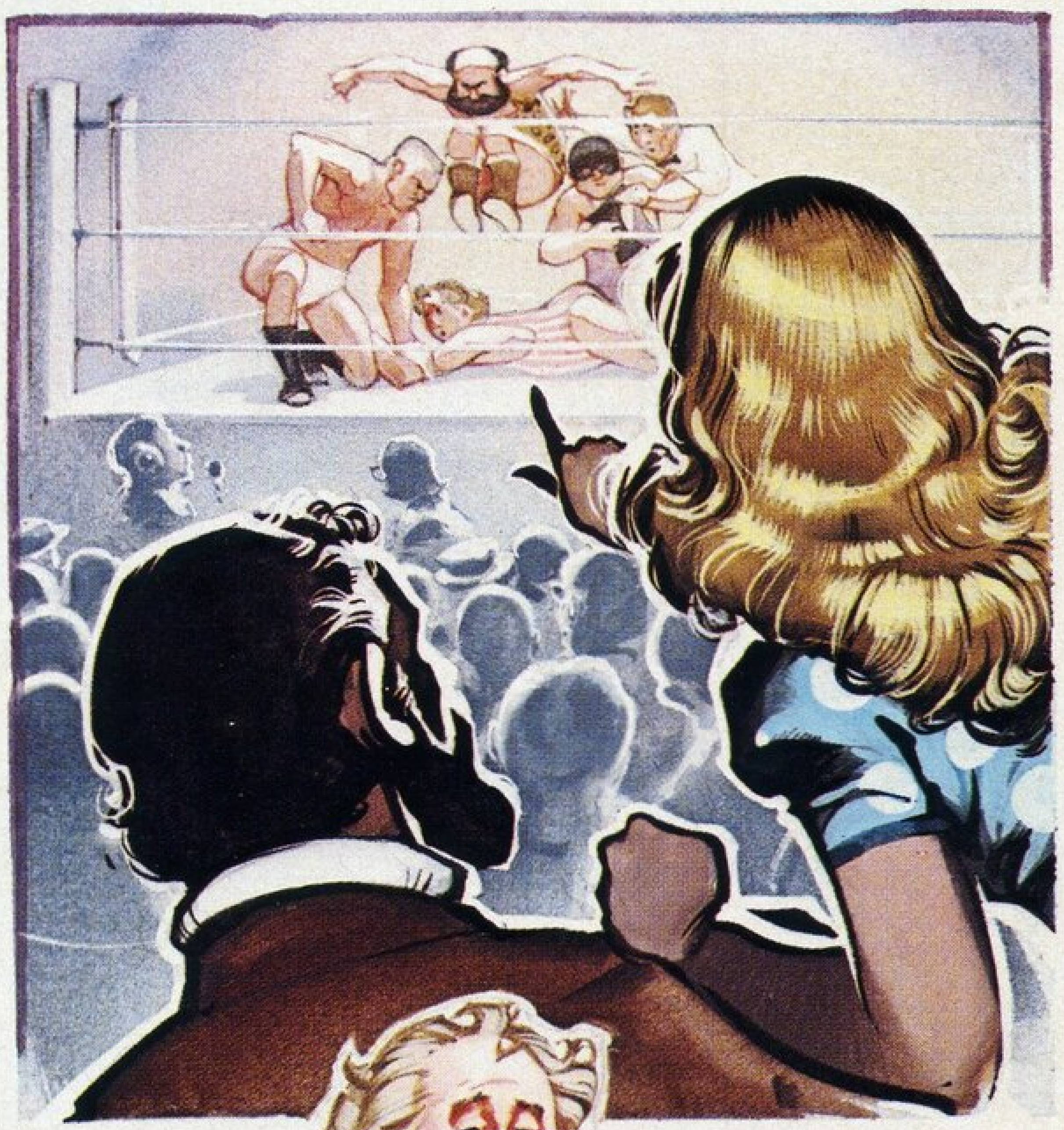
Introducing:

ADAM'S EVES

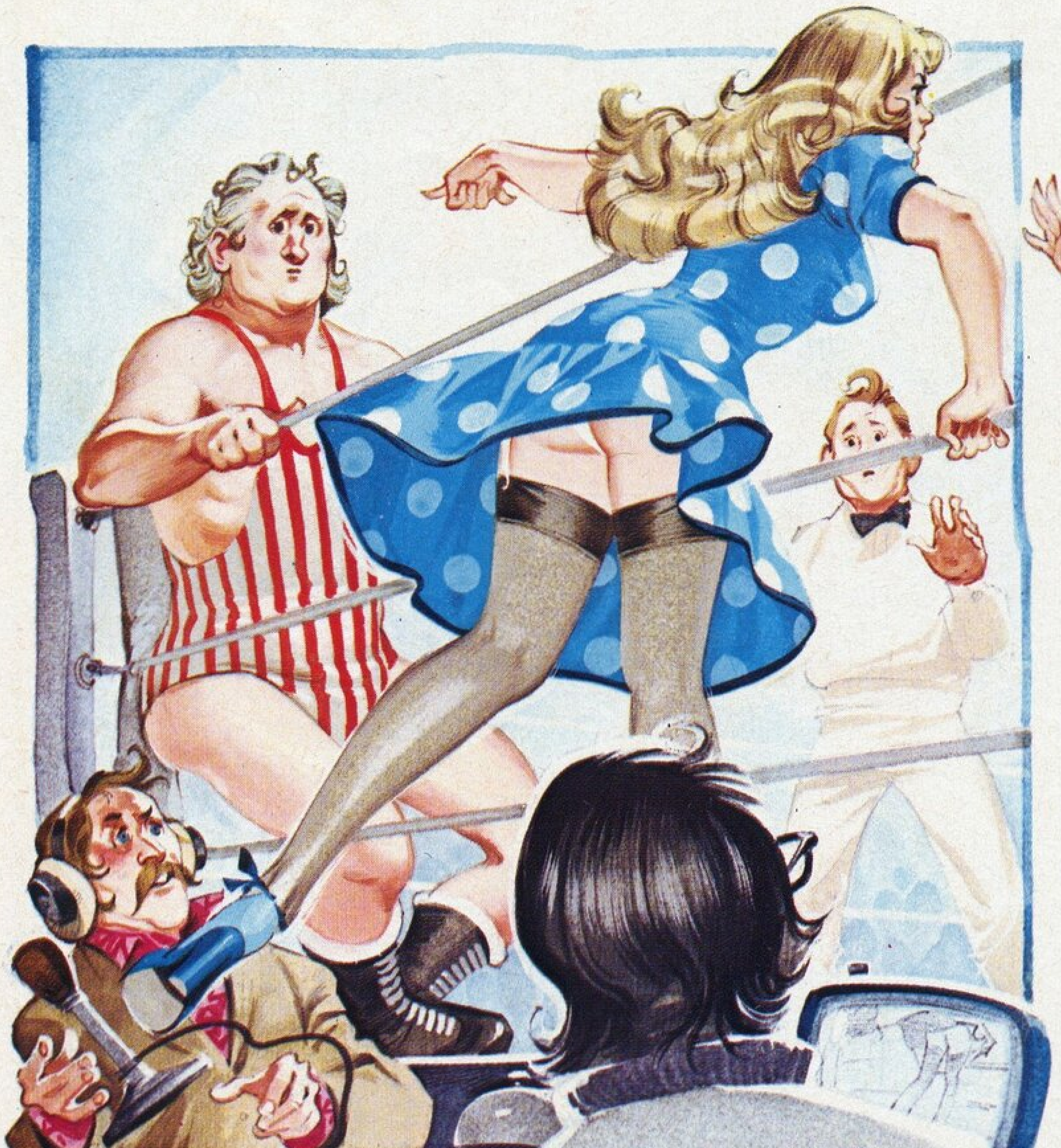
Our diary of a man-about-birds

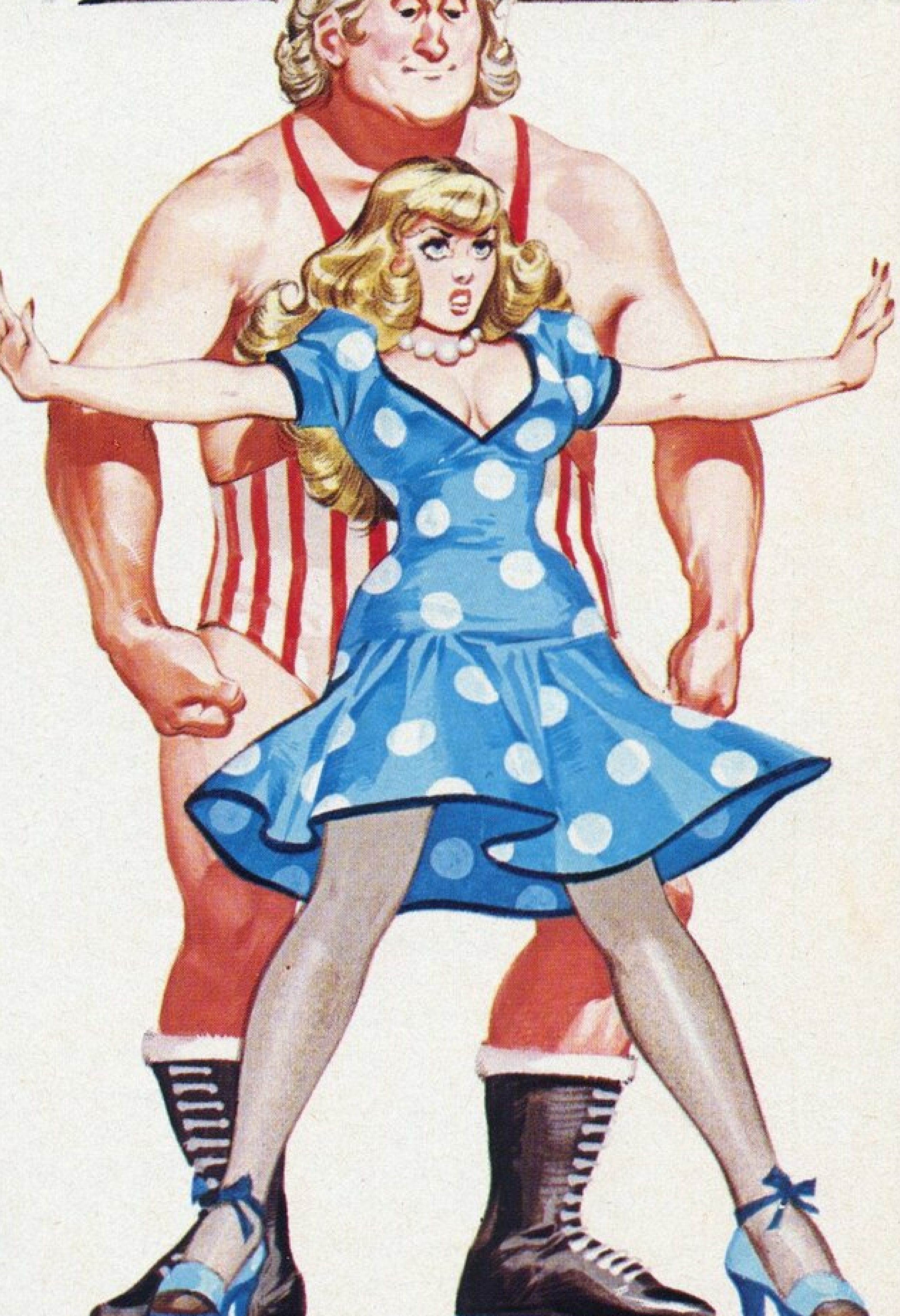


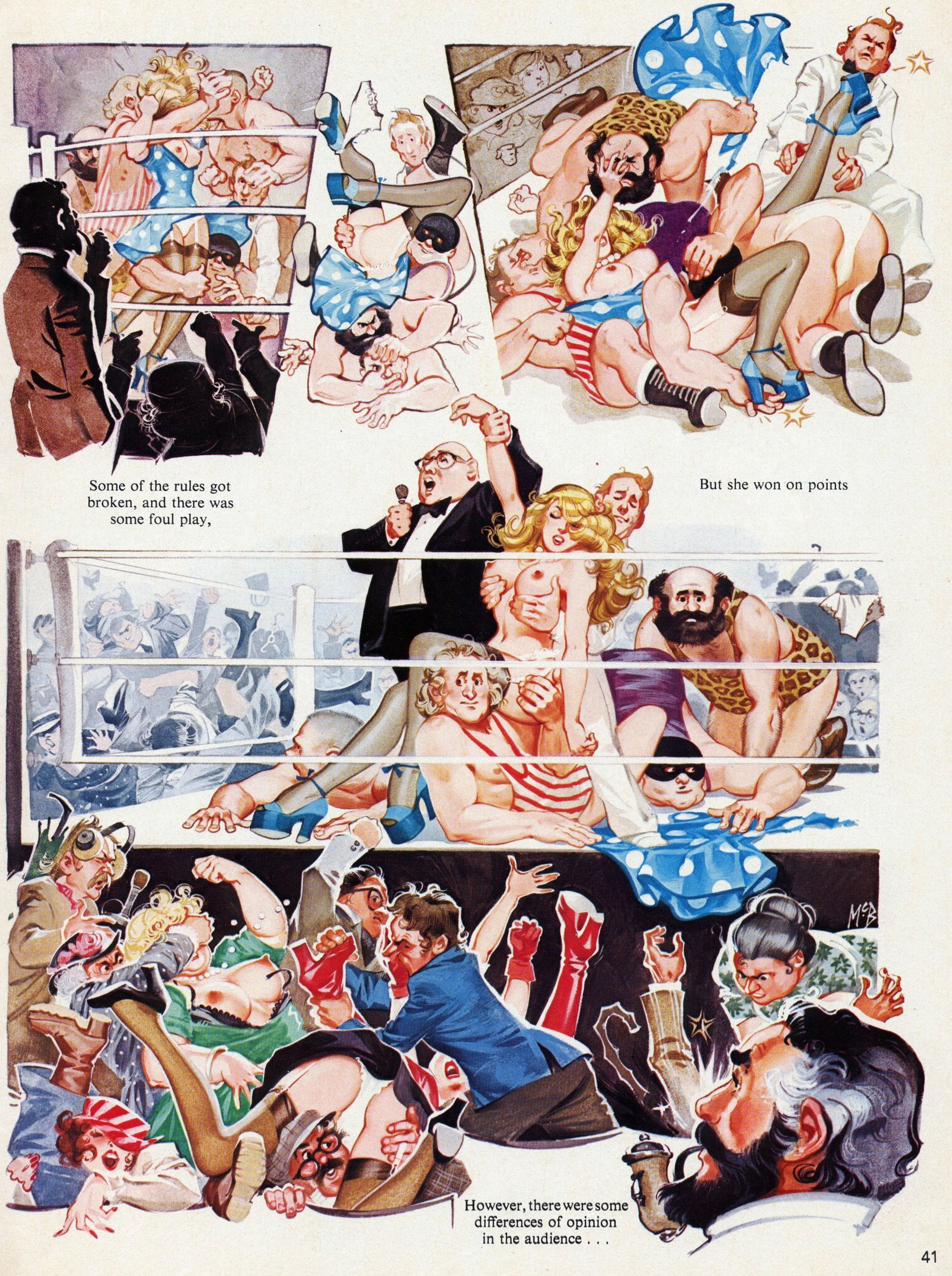
Susie's your actual English rose – takes in stray cats, all for the underdog, and all that.
Looks pretty harmless now – but you should have seen her yesterday evening.
Took her to her first wrestling match . . .



Her reactions were interesting. During a tag-contest she got the impression one chap was being picked on. Next thing I knew Susie was on the commentators' table – then she was in there, telling him not to worry . . .







Some of the rules got broken, and there was some foul play,

But she won on points

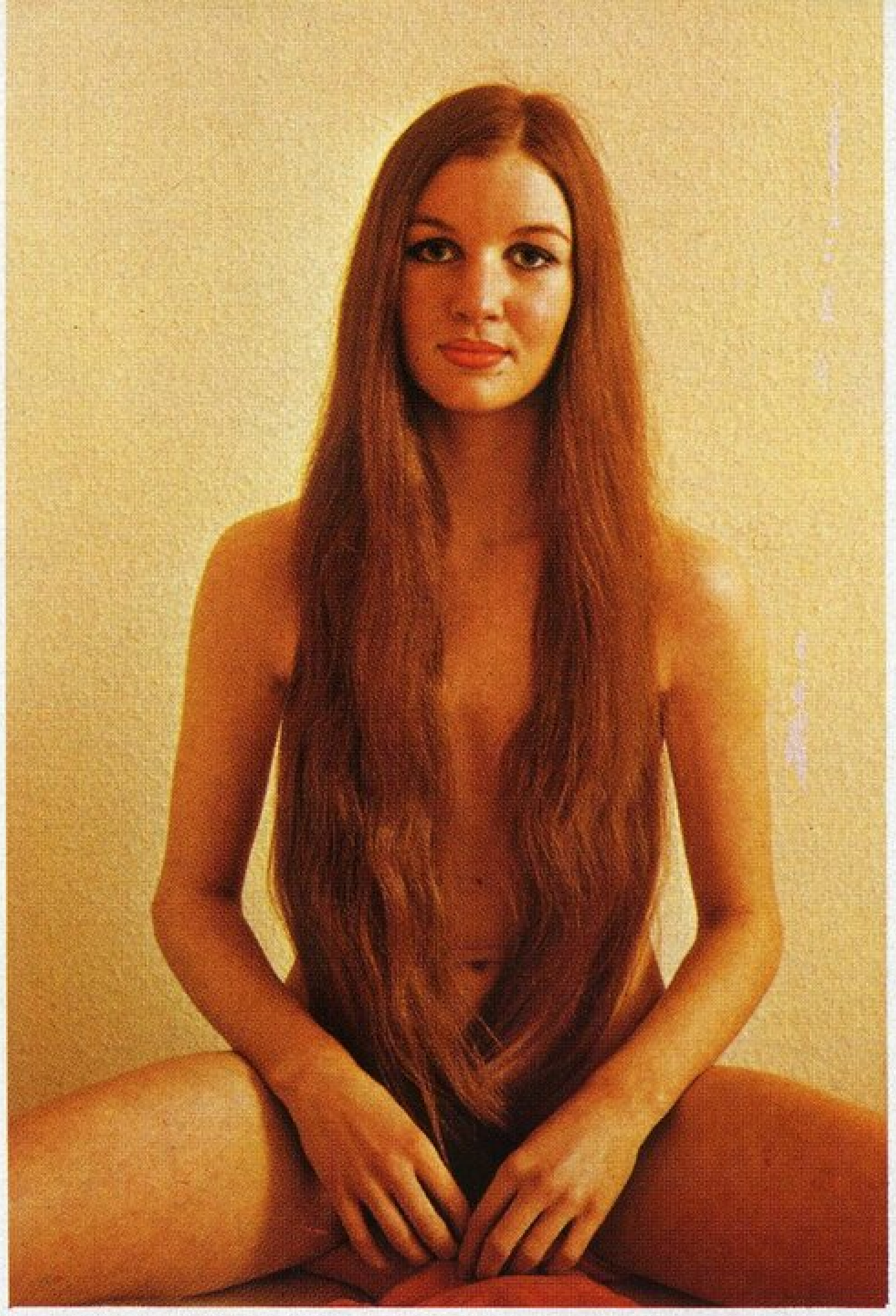
However, there were some differences of opinion in the audience . . .

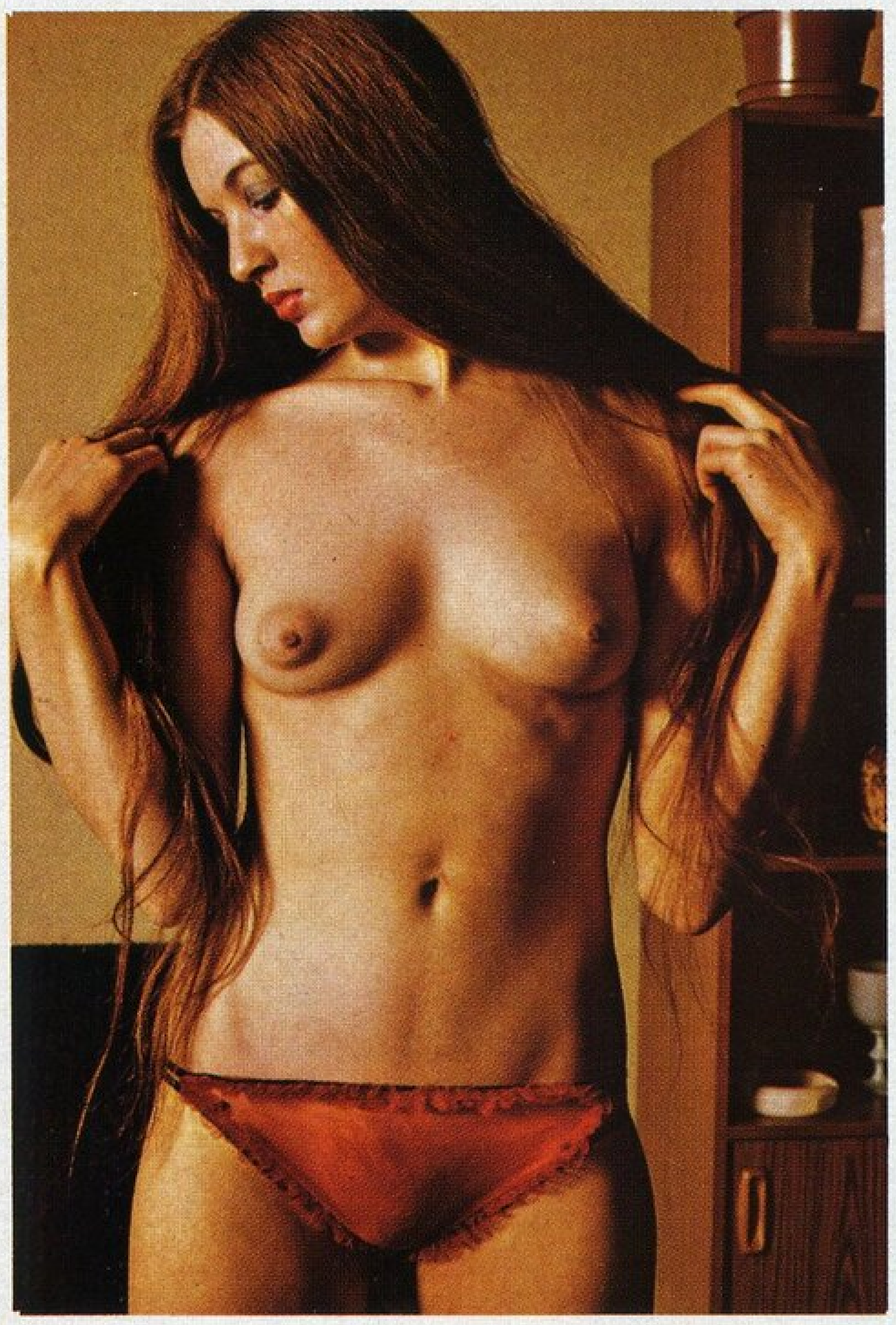
GEORGINA

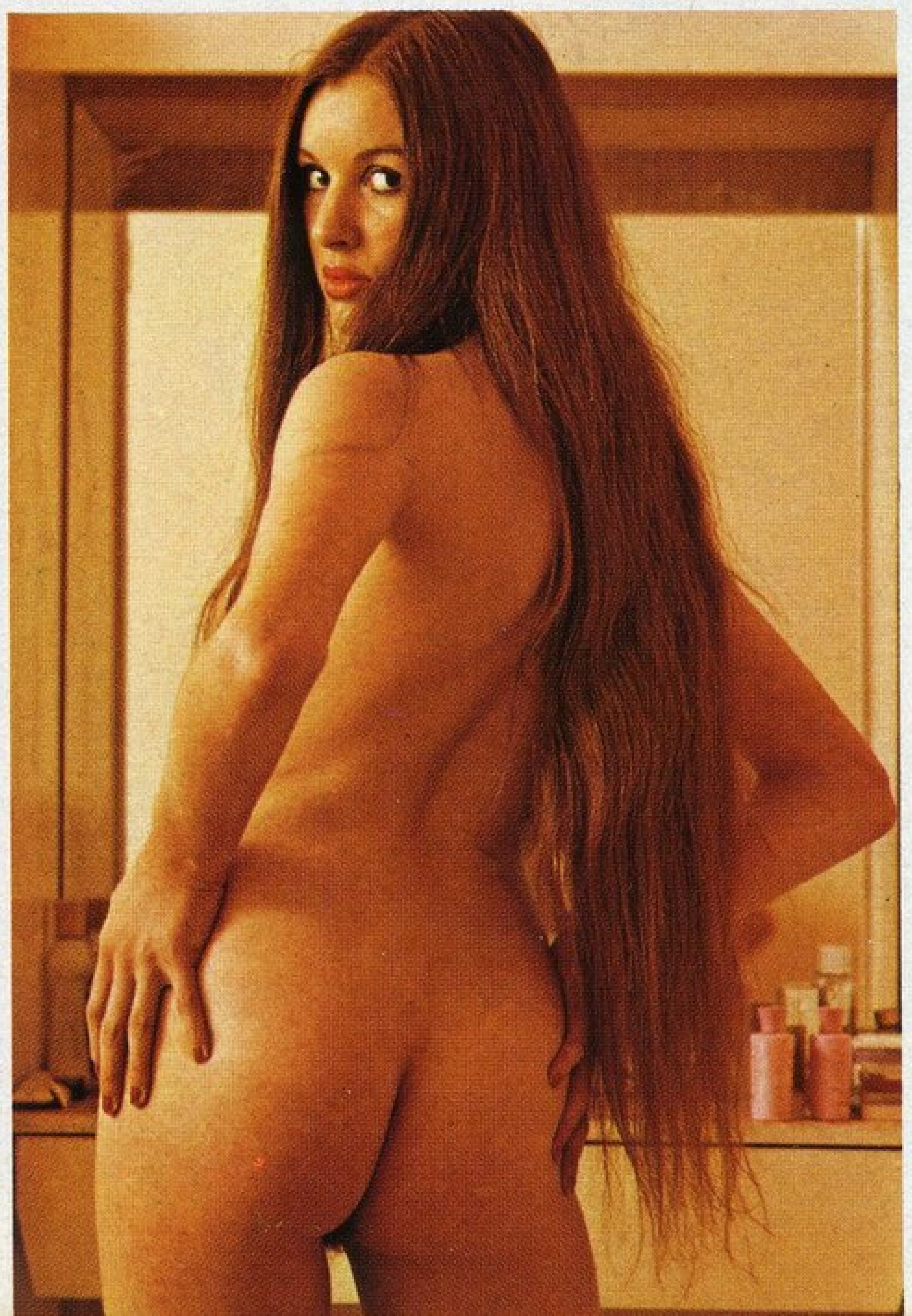
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

Devon is a slow and lazy county. Lush green fields, thick, yellow clotted cream and a spectacularly beautiful coastline make for an easy way of life. 'Yes,' agrees 23-year-old Georgina Highfield, 'it's all that and more. Especially round Ilfracombe where I live.' She smiles, perhaps slightly self-conscious of her soft West Country burr, toying with her long red-gold hair. She laughs suddenly. 'Do you realise my hair is so long that I can sit on it ?,' she asks. 'I haven't

had it cut since I was at school. Not properly cut anyway, just trimmed every so often to keep it tidy.' She holds her hair in two long strands over small, pert breasts. '35–22–25,' she announces, 'and 5 feet 4 inches. I'm very lucky, I can keep my figure despite eating like a horse. I like going to the *Dilkhusa Grand* in Wilder Road. You get a nice meal there. It's good to go there if you've been out all day and are very hungry. Summer's the time to be down here. On a clear day you can stand at the top of Dunkery Beacon the other side of Exmoor and see for miles. It overlooks Porlock. That's where the person came from who interrupted Coleridge's druggy dream when he was writing Kubla Khan. Did you know that?' Georgina smiles again. 'That's about all I can remember from my English lessons.' She pauses. 'Will you do me one favour? When you write your story, please don't call me Georgie. I hate it. I'm not a pudding after all.'



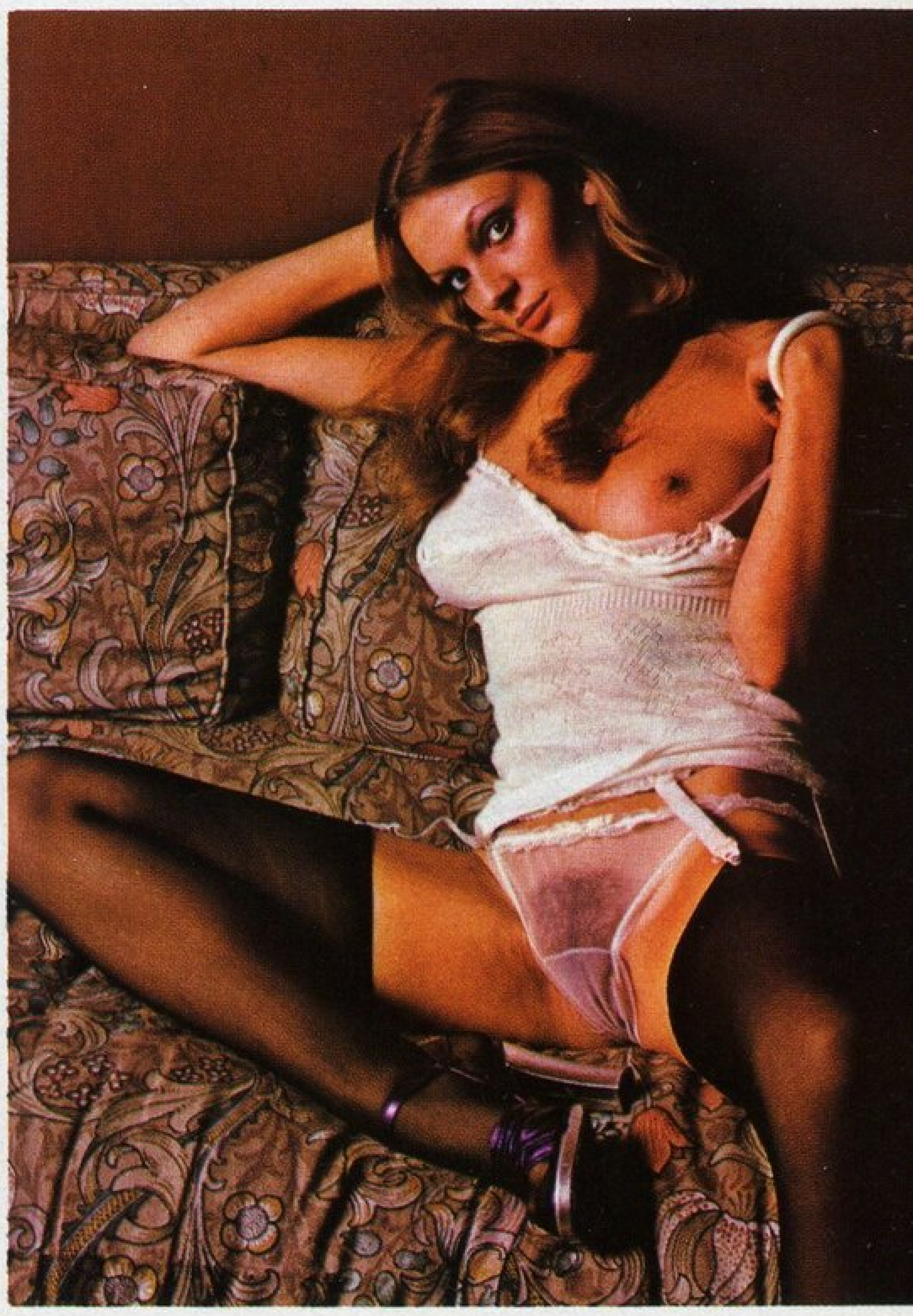




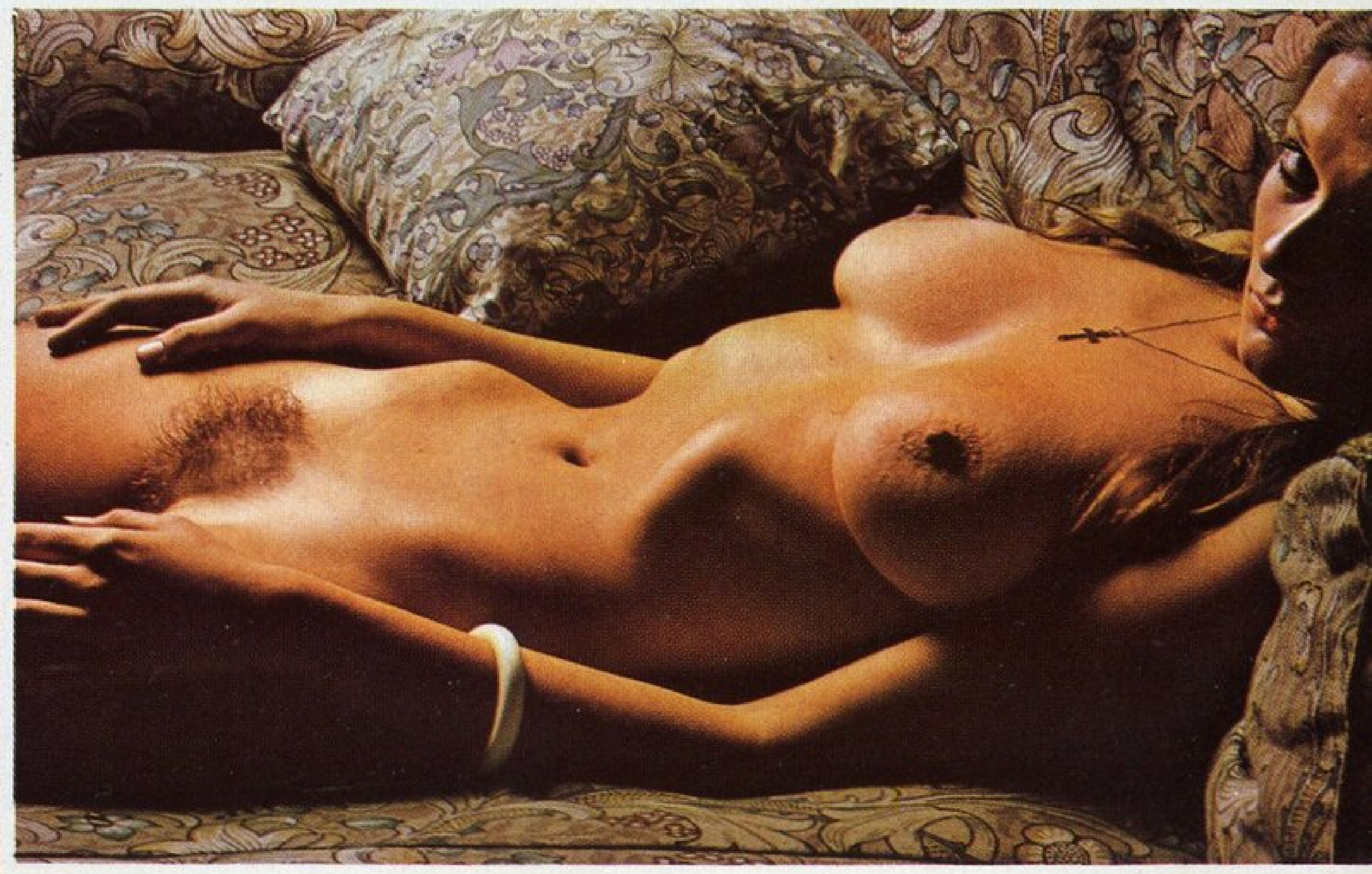
PAULINE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CLIVE McLEAN

Good news for supporters of Tottenham Hotspur. Not only did their team avoid relegation last season, but in 19-year-old Pauline Andersson, they must surely have the best-looking fan in the country. Most Saturdays in winter find Pauline trekking to White Hart Lane from her Leyton home to watch her eleven heroes. 'The only thing I hate is the cold,' maintains Pauline, 'I suppose that having a Swedish father should make me like snow and ice, but I'm more of a sun-person. When I left Leyton Senior High School in 1973, I studied to get my National Nurses Examination Board certificate, and with that under my belt I got a job as a nanny to a family in Athens. It was smashing,



really fantastic. The weather was unbelievable, the people were great, it was all just too perfect to be true. I was very sad actually that it was only a temporary job, because when I came back to this country, I sort of went from the sublime to the ridiculous and got a job as an ice-cream girl at my local cinema – the Leyton ABC. I think I saw every general release film twenty times – sometimes I thought I'd die of boredom. It was funny at times though. As I'm tall and leggy, 5' 7", I was always scared stiff I'd miss my step in the dark and shower everyone with soggy choc-ices. And those trays turn your boobs to ice. I had to wear a little woolly vest to keep warm. I bet you take us ice-cream girls for granted, don't you. It's really hard work. You try serving everyone in the circle in five minutes flat and you'll see what I mean.' Pauline stretches her 36B–24–36, smiling. 'I

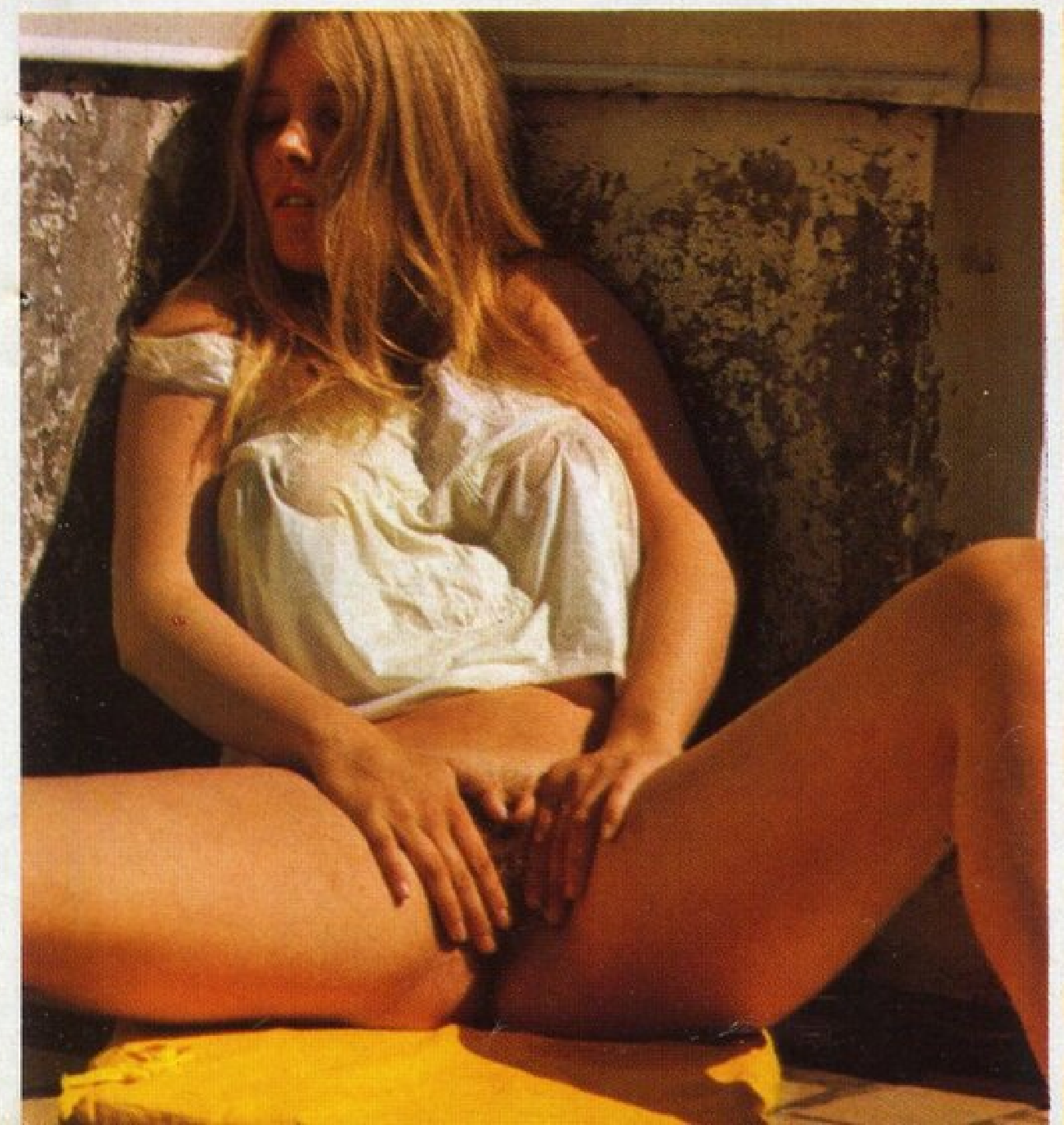


never had anyone try to grope me either. That's another fallacy exploded. Though there was one time when I wasn't too sure whether a man was holding a drink-on-a-stick or something else . . .' She bursts out laughing. 'I didn't stay around to find out either!' When we met Pauline, she was working behind the bar of the *Three Blackbirds* in Leyton High Road. 'I honestly couldn't stay in the cinema any longer,' she explains. 'I was beginning to feel like a miner working underground. I only saw daylight on my day off! The pub's great, but I wonder what all the regulars will think when they find that I'm a *Mayfair* centregirl?' If our experience is anything to go by, Pauline, we imagine that there will be a sharp intake of breath followed by a general bulging of eyes. 'I'd love to be there to see it,' she grins, 'but unfortunately I'll be back nannying in Greece.'

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / PAULINE ANDERSSON

PENNY

She's a clear-eyed English Rose, soft-skinned, sweet-faced, hair of golden straw. A century ago her leggy elegance and classically formed 36–23–36 would have been hidden under ankle-length muslin or clinging linen. Today she can be more honest, moving her nude 5 feet 5 inches with unconscious ease about a Cotswold balcony. Eighteen-year-old Penelope Jane Rice is a thoughtful girl. Fresh from the 'A' level bustle of medieval battles and Chaucerian bawdy, she is 'putting my life in order' before deciding what she wants to do. 'The moment I left school I went out and did all the things I hadn't been allowed to before or hadn't had the time for,' she explains. 'Now I'm into my intellectual phase. I love listening to Mahler's music. It's so sad and soulful. I've thought about going on to university but I don't think I could be intellectual all the time.' She considers the idea, twisting strands of hair between slim fingers. No room for boyfriends? we ask. For the first time a smile. 'There's always someone, but no one special,' she adds quickly. 'I like to



experiment. Boys my own age tend to be very immature. Do you remember the old man in *Emmanuelle*? The one who taught all those French women about the most erotic things you could do? I'd love to meet someone like that.' Another pause for thought. 'Of course I've had sex and I enjoyed it, but once you've experienced it you should look for something more. Do you know what I mean?' A last smile. 'Perhaps I'll fall madly in love.' Penny, you won't have to wait.

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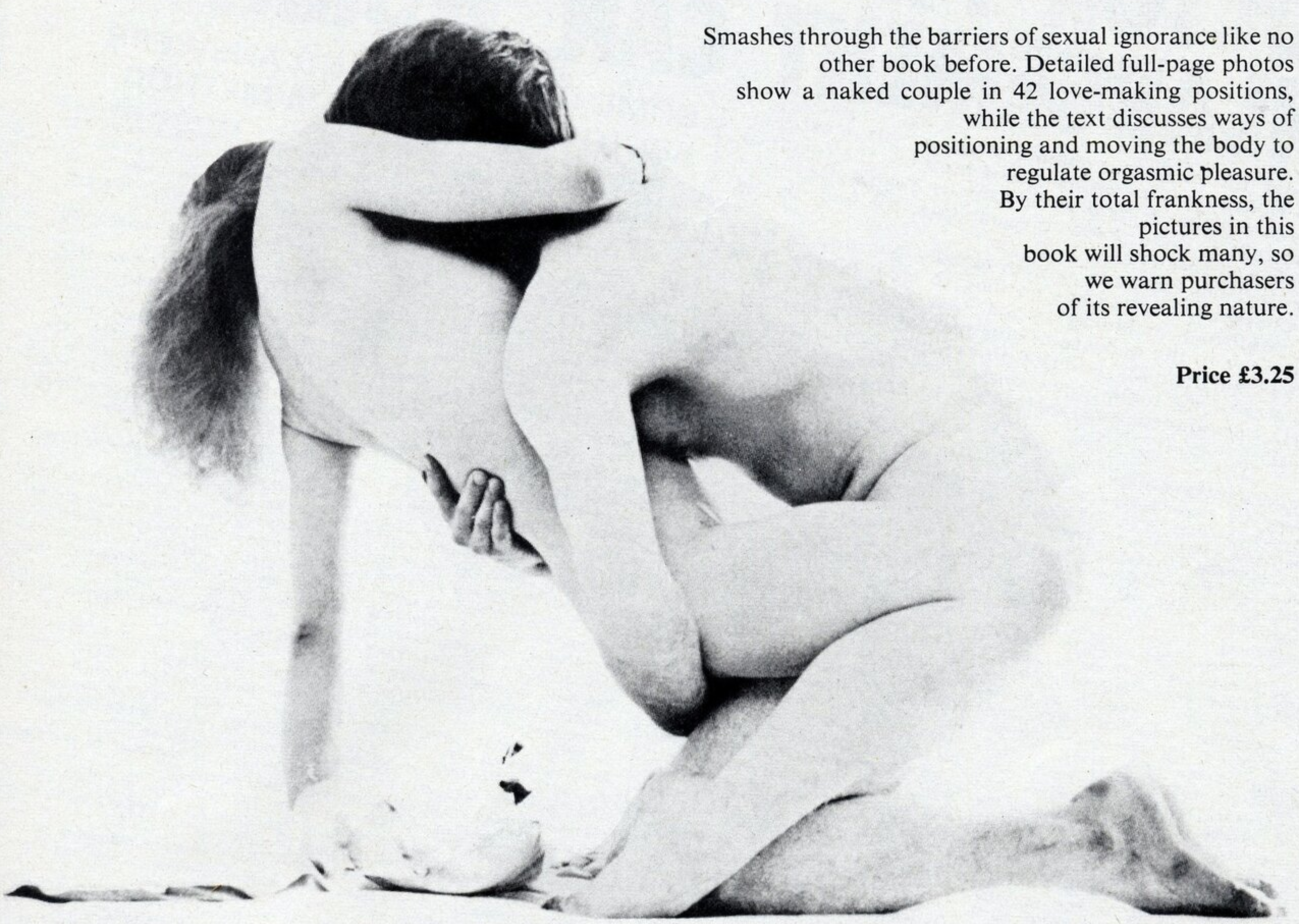

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Immortalising breasts in plaster might sound like great fun, but is it art?

THE PLASTER BUST

By D. Gregory Lyons

'I'm bored,' said Brendan morosely.

'Congratulations,' muttered Carol from behind a large chunk of buttered toast.

'I need a new interest – a new meaning for life,' he grumbled on.

'Sex can get a little repetitive,' murmured Carol.

'Something new and different!' exclaimed Brendan.

'Like buggery?'

'Yes – like –' he paused, and the boiled egg was spared from having its skull beaten out for a further five seconds as the spoon hovered. 'I beg your pardon?'

'Something new and different, like buggery,' said Carol, wiping toast crumbs from the corners of her mouth.

Brendan groaned. 'Do you ever think of anything else?'

'I was only', she said, with an expression

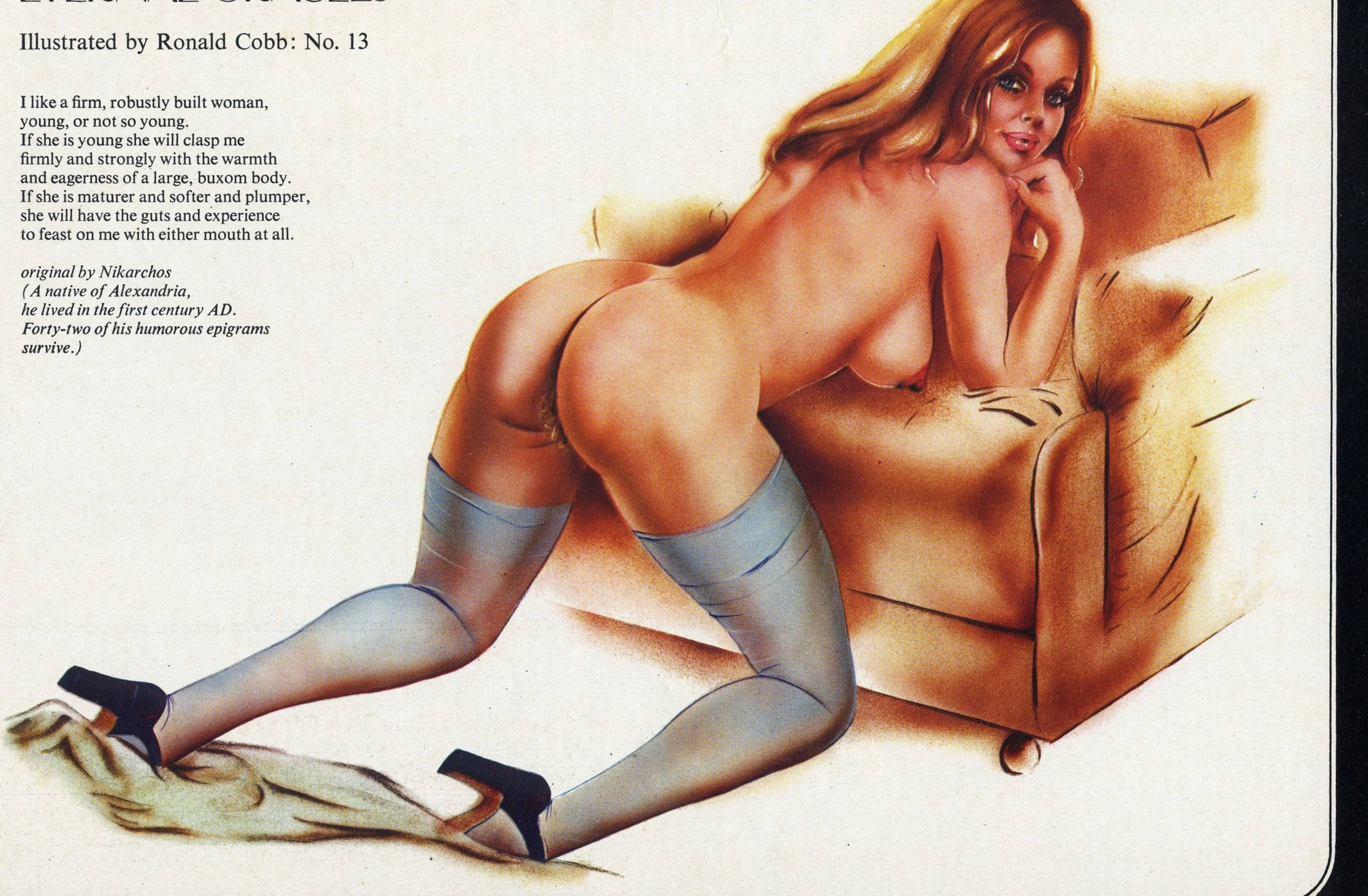
turn to page 78

ETERNAL ORACLES

Illustrated by Ronald Cobb: No. 13

I like a firm, robustly built woman,
young, or not so young.
If she is young she will clasp me
firmly and strongly with the warmth
and eagerness of a large, buxom body.
If she is maturer and softer and plumper,
she will have the guts and experience
to feast on me with either mouth at all.

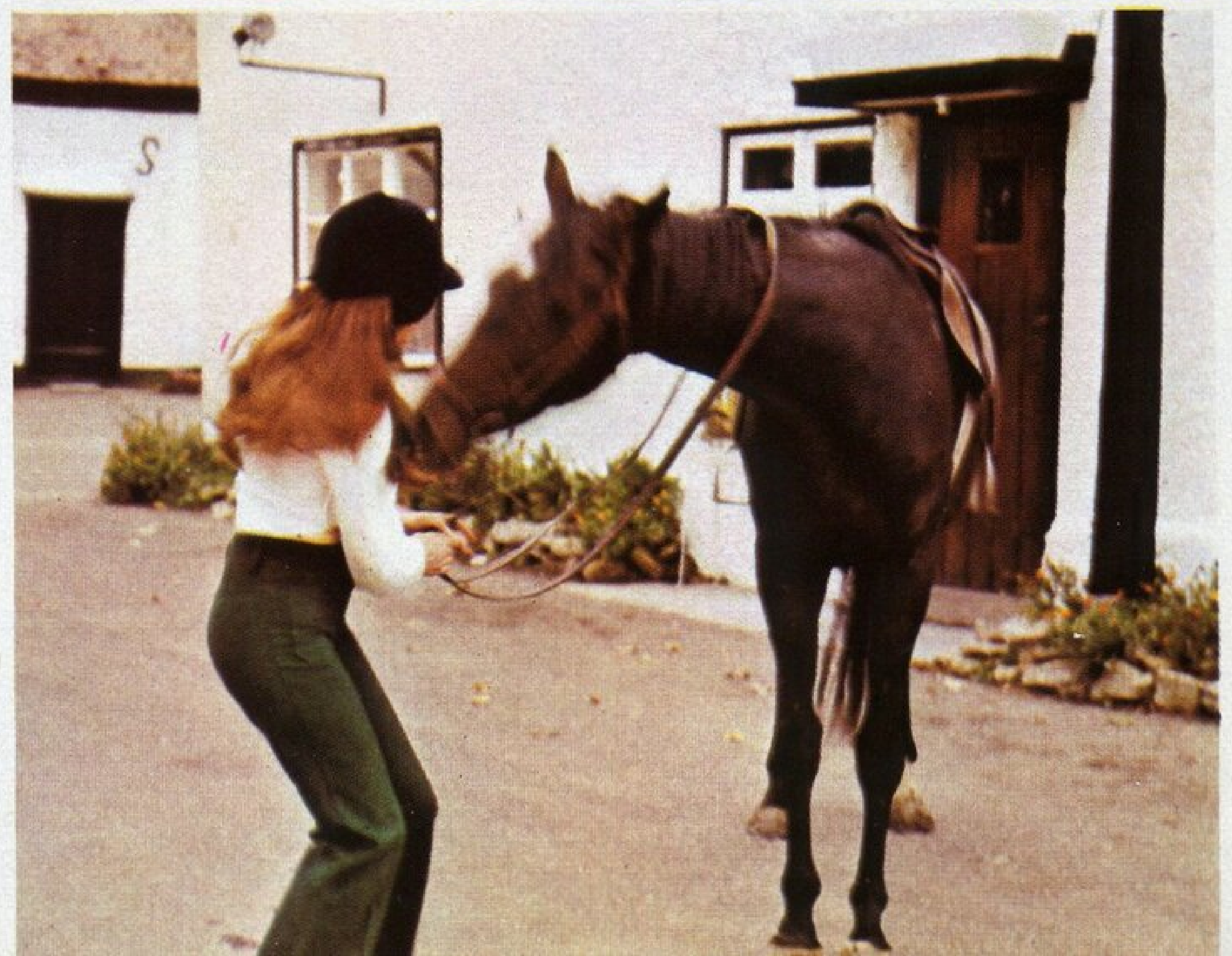
original by Nikarchos
(A native of Alexandria,
he lived in the first century AD.
Forty-two of his humorous epigrams
survive.)



JILL

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JIM BUNKER

Just off the edge of the Cotswolds, tucked into the lee of the looming bulk of Bredon Hill is the little picture postcard village of Elmley Castle. It sits surrounded by the apple orchards of Worcestershire and its buildings reflect in their black and white timbers the rural England that Shakespeare knew. But what exists behind the apple cheeked innocence of villages like Elmley Castle? Is it cider with Rosie? Present day permissiveness beneath the thatch and the handmade tiles? Would you believe a see-through blouse in the village pub, and in one of the most picturesque cottages a well-built girl making home-made wine, but wearing no knickers . . .? Which leads us to Jill Wildbore, living in Elmley Castle, working in Worcester, but amused by the thought that she might model for *Mayfair*. Sufficiently intrigued to shrug out of her see-through blouse, unwrap her long skirt, and reveal that she is ready for photography. Test shots that send Art Director Jim Bunker winging to Worcester. For there is something about Jill that is essentially of the country. Too many Jills want to become Jacquis and become faceless city sophisticates. It would be good to photograph Jill in the home she was happy in. Jill and her husband bought their small cottage in the heart of the village some years ago. It was then a small labourer's cottage, low and dark. Together they have tastefully transformed it, removing Victorian additions, retaining beams to create an atmosphere of space and light. The cottage was reputedly haunted. 'Always', says Jill, 'an amiable ghost, never malevolent.' A former occupant told how once in bed his head was jerked forward by violent knocks on his headboard. But the headboard was flat against a thick outside wall. 'In the early days,' recalled Jill, 'we once heard these footsteps coming up the stairs and turn into a bedroom.' Then during the renovations some old bones were discovered buried under the floor and now the ghost is silent no exorcism needed.



Jill is 28 and was born in Shropshire. Her birthsign is Leo and she walks proudly. Her figure is not easily ignored. The statistics say 37–27–36 but she adds to it a cat-like curviness that matches the soft lines of the neighbouring hills. At home, she can turn her hand to sewing or cementing, can cook like your favourite bistro, and is an undoubted expert on home-made wine making. To that she brings the care of the prudent country housewife – sugar bought by the sack, plums by the bushel. All turning to wine by the gallon. And amidst this heady brew moves sensual Jill, in a blouse and skirt, but underneath – nothing. 'I never wear a bra,' admits Jill. 'And if I'm wearing a long skirt, no pants. I like to wear as little as possible round the house.' Jill often goes down to her local pub, the Queen's, as the Queen Elizabeth is known. In there she often wears a semi-see-through blouse, her nipples nudging

the thin material and doubtless catching the agricultural eye most expert at spotting the promising apple buds or the tight incipient sprouts that flourish thereabouts. The same blouse often goes riding with Jill, and when she joggles down the main street on her favourite hack the sight is good to see. How does the village react? 'They don't mind' says Jill 'but anyway to live in a village doesn't mean you've never heard of sex.' Of course not, we agree, but tell us more. 'Well, when we first came here there was quite a lot of wife swapping, believe it or not. There seemed to be parties every night. But it's not like that now. Mind you I do know one occasion when a very respected local figure spent the evening chatting in a local pub to a young couple, went back with them to their house and quite spontaneously made love to the wife on the living room sofa, with the husband there. We know about things you know.' For Jill herself, sex is something that might follow if she has a warm, responsive feeling with someone, but in no circumstances before then.

QUEST

The laboratory of human response
Volume Seven

Jealousy has always been recognised as one of the most powerful and destructive of emotions. Certainly it is a more than common cause of the break of up relationships. This month, however, we look at it from the opposite point of view. Three women describe situations in which their feelings of jealousy, whether only superficially or deeply aroused, led them into a sexual relationship that in other circumstances they might not have considered likely. The lesson appears to be that the arousing of strong feeling, however unpromising or negative in itself, in a woman can sometimes lead to that sense of unsettled and heightened emotion which is the precursor to the acceptance of a sexual approach.

INTRODUCTION

Even in today's permissive climate it is comparatively rare that a couple recognise in each other an immediate and uncomplicated need for sex which they are able to slake at once. All too often outside factors intervene, acting either as a catalyst or inhibiting an initial attraction. This month we talk to three women who found that jealousy acted as the spur to sex. Though each admitted they found their respective partners sexually interesting in themselves, it was the thought that another female – usually a close friend – could also attract and arouse the partner that prompted them to overcome their previous inhibitions.

INTERVIEWS

(*In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.*)

One **Civil Servant, 23 years old, dark haired, town of origin Luton**

This interviewee had stayed at school until the age of 19 but had given up the chance of attending university to work as a personal assistant in a government department. She shared a house in central London with two other girls and a man.

Quest: You found Paul attractive?

Civil Servant: Paul was a pig.

Quest: But you slept with him?

Civil Servant: Oh dear. I was going to make this so detached and clinical. You said you were going to help me.

Quest: It *is* the obvious question.

Civil Servant: It wasn't a simple slam-bang, here comes Sally – I don't drop my knickers for any man.

Quest: Why not start at the beginning? Who was Paul?

Civil Servant: Paul was the boyfriend of Janie who is my best friend, who wasn't my best friend for a while, but who is again now. I'm going to sound like an absolute cow, because I went with Paul. I did see him first.

Quest: Go on.

Civil Servant: Janie is basically a terribly nice person – we think so alike it's incredible; she's really been a sister to me, I mean what a sister should be. But she has men problems.

Quest: The wrong kind of men, or lack of them?

Civil Servant: Well, both, to be honest. I think she's quite an attractive girl, she has a sweet face. But – I don't know – something always seems to go wrong. She was very fond of Paul and he was absolutely vile to her – I mean apart from me.

Quest: How did you all meet?

Civil Servant: Janie and I worked together. She's in a different department now. We met Paul through one of those computer dating things. I didn't know Janie was going in for it. She just rang me up one day and said this fellow's asked me out for a blind date, do you want to keep me company? Paul was the fellow her date brought along, to make up a foursome.

Quest: Did you like him then?

Civil Servant: You couldn't like or dislike Paul, until you really knew him. I thought he was the most arrogant man I'd ever met. So sure of himself. You couldn't argue with him – he wasn't stupid, but that only made it worse. I just reacted to him. We spent most of the time arguing, actually.

Quest: Reacted sexually?

Civil Servant: He was attractive, in a lumbering sort of way. No, that's being unfair. He was very sort of solid and masculine – you'd think, 'There's a fellow who gets his oats regularly' – whether you'd want to be on the receiving end was something else altogether. He had a very nice body.

Quest: What did Janie think?

Civil Servant: That's the problem. Janie talks about women's lib and glorious independence, but it all goes out the window as soon as a fellow's interested. She's hung around men who've been plainly rude to her, because they know they can get away with it. That's horrible. I get so angry with her sometimes.

Quest: And she liked Paul?

Civil Servant: You can always tell when Janie's interested – she never mentions them by name, just 'that fellow', or 'my one' or 'him' – and every conversation ends up with something about him – what do I think? Do I think he knows other girls? Honestly, she's an open book. So in the end I just came out with it, I said, 'For God's sake, Janie, I think he's a sod; he'd screw you silly and laugh all the way to the next bedroom. I wouldn't touch him with a barge pole. If you've got any sense you won't either.'

Quest: What did she say to that?

Civil Servant: She said, 'I suppose that means you won't mind me stepping in?' She's suicidal, she honestly is. I suppose I should have been just non-committal. It wasn't a good idea saying he'd be a good screw. Oh it sounds bitchy, but she was frustrated then. I knew she hadn't slept with anyone – not seriously anyway – for nearly a year. And she's not a cold person.

Quest: So she started with Paul?

Civil Servant: We invited him to a party at my place and Janie was all over him. It really was very obvious. I wasn't the only one who noticed. She was going to be so cool and calculated, too. Typical Janie. Anyway it worked. He took her home.

Quest: To bed?

Civil Servant: I think so. Janie never said. It was that week anyway. She saw him two or three times, I know that.

Quest: And the relationship continued?

Civil Servant: Oh Janie was cock-a-hoop – that's quite an apt expression actually. Sorry. She said he was the most exciting man she'd ever met. It was all going to be marvellous.

Quest: Were you jealous?

Civil Servant: I wasn't leaping about in bed with anyone, if that's what you mean. I still didn't think Paul had anything to offer.

Quest: Except sex?

Civil Servant: He wasn't good for anything else.

Quest: Yet you ended up in bed with him.

Civil Servant: I know that makes me sound like a complete hypocrite. I didn't want to go to bed with him. It wasn't planned or schemed at. I thought Janie was ruining herself. I wanted to show her he didn't give a damn about her or anyone. I know it all sounds an incredible excuse –

Quest: What actually happened?

Civil Servant: I heard a story about Paul – it's not important how – that he was seeing someone else, a married girl. I tried to tell Janie but I knew she wouldn't believe me, so I invited them all to a party.

Quest: Wasn't that a bit risky?

Civil Servant: I know it all sounds silly and dramatic. I didn't want a scene. I just wanted Janie to see for herself. Of course it backfired.

Quest: What went wrong?

Civil Servant: Good old Paul ditched Janie halfway through the party and went upstairs with his girlfriend. I'm sure it would have happened anyway. It was just bad it all happened at once.

Quest: Janie discovered them?

Civil Servant: Paul reappeared and wouldn't even say where he'd been. Janie started to get hysterical and the husband rushed upstairs to fetch his wife. Paul rushed after him. I was really frightened then, I thought there'd be a murder. But the other fellow completely ignored Paul, just dragged his wife off – with her gown unzipped halfway down her back – and I tried to comfort Janie in the kitchen. She was in a terrible state. I didn't know what to do. She wouldn't listen to anything. Eventually she quietened down and said she had to go home. I said I'd get Paul but she didn't want to see him again. Then she said she had to go at once and that was when the fruit punch went over. I don't think she even saw it. I was absolutely soaked through.

Quest: But she left?

Civil Servant: I'd have gone with her if I hadn't been dripping. I was so upset, and angry. It had all been Paul right from the start. All the whole mess. And when I ran upstairs to change there he was, on my bed.

Quest: Go on.

Civil Servant: I didn't know what to say to him at first and, for once, I don't think he did either. If I'd started I'd have been violent. So I just said, 'If you don't mind, I'm about to change.' Then I just ignored him.

Quest: But he stayed?

Civil Servant: I didn't even look at him. Not until I had my slip half off. Then I turned round and he was still sitting on the bed, looking a bit dazed. So I said, 'You're a voyeur, too, are you?' He didn't even look at me properly. I really cared so little for him I could have been stark naked – he was just so totally below consideration. I started rummaging in my dressing table for a clean slip and suddenly he was standing behind me. Then I suppose I was worried.

Quest: Because you were almost naked?

Civil Servant: I had my bra and panties on. No, he was just very much bigger than me. It was just a female thing. He started to say, 'Look, about Janie, I – ' And I turned round. I don't know. Perhaps he really did have qualms. But it was just the wrong moment. I couldn't help myself. I just blurted out, 'You shit – you utter bloody shit!' I really thought he'd hit me and it would prove how much of a pig he was. But he didn't say anything. He just stared for ages and ages, and then it all happened.

Quest: You had sex?

Civil Servant: That more or less sums it up.

Quest: From violent hatred one moment?

Civil Servant: I'm not a raging nympho. The feelings aren't all that dissimilar. I wish I could say he raped me, but it wasn't like that.

Quest: How was it?

Civil Servant: One moment he was standing there, the next he was kissing me. Roughly, not cruelly. All I knew was my head was spinning, I couldn't move. His knee was right between my legs. And I suddenly realised what was going to happen. I wanted something physical, desperately. Either to kick him or bite him. Hurt him somehow, make him feel pain like he made everyone else feel it. Then he'd lifted my bra and he was hugging me to him with one hand and his mouth went down onto my boobs and I thought the roof was coming in. He licked and chewed and sucked me, I thought my nipples would burst. Such sweet agony. He knew his stuff all right. And his other hand went straight down into the top of my knickers – no preliminaries – and right into my fur. It was too much all at once. I couldn't find any breath. My whole body was screaming. And somehow we were falling onto the bed, and he wasn't so powerful any more, just fumbling and bearish and getting his zip stuck and bumbling and anxious like everyone else. And I thought, 'Right, you shit – you want it, I'll give it to you. I'll make you so sore you'll wish it had dropped off.' And I just slipped neatly out of my knickers and watched him trying to get his underpants untangled from his thing. And he was beautiful – I mean, his body was very smooth and flat, I hate lots of hair – and he did have a gorgeous one. Not long but thick and knobbly. So crude-looking. I sound like a connoisseur, don't I? He was so red-faced and panting I knelt beside him and said, 'Let me do that', and I thought he'd explode then and there he gave such a shiver when I touched him. I unplucked him and just sat there holding it and watching him and I really don't think he knew what was going to happen – I mean, specifically. And, still looking at him, I eased myself on top of him and squatted on his thighs and pulled it between my legs till it was pressing right into my crack and he was breathing like a horse, I'm sure no girl had just taken over from him before. And then, ever so slowly and gently, I lifted my bottom and dropped onto it, just a bit at a time. And then I was worried for the first time, I thought I'd never take it. I could feel myself getting hotter and hotter and stretching and stretching, but it felt so utterly, utterly marvellous, to be filled like that, to be plugged so tight. And he said nothing, just watched. Then we started, slowly at first, sliding right back till I could feel him right at the edge of me, then back again. I wanted to just hold him and hold him and make him scream for it, but every time I moved the whole bliss rippled through my body, I was gasping for breath, my heart thumped, my arms wouldn't hold me. I tried to stop, but he stretched up his arms and held me under my armpits, just dangling me on the tip of his thing, making me see-saw there, and I hated him so much because I couldn't follow it through, I was so weak and stupid. And then he started; first just with the tip inside then with a really deep thrust that made me squeal. Then half a dozen short sharp strokes hardly in at all. Then I knew I was coming, and he could just hold me there and make me crawl on the edge of my orgasm, bringing me right to the point and stopping – I knew why Janie was so obsessed. That was so vicious and blissful and gorgeous, I was like a wet rag. And then I couldn't hold back any more and I felt myself just hanging in empty space and it burst in my tummy and I was just falling away into nothingness, and I could feel him pumping and pumping away. When I woke up he'd gone.

Quest: So your lesson came to nothing?

Civil Servant: Very funny. I patched things up with Janie – I didn't tell her everything of course. The last we heard of Paul he'd gone off with the married girl. Apparently it was all quite serious.

Quest: Thank you very much.

***Two* Salesgirl, 18 years old, brunette, town of origin Maidstone**

This interviewee, one of a large family, had left school at 15 and now worked locally in a supermarket. She still lived at home and had been engaged twice.

Quest: Why did you find Ronnie so attractive?

Salesgirl: Because he wanted it, didn't he?

Quest: Wanted what?

Salesgirl: A bit of finger pie. A screw.

Quest: Surely lots of boys have wanted that?

Salesgirl: I'm very sexy. They all want a bit. But I only let the ones I want.

Quest: Like Ronnie?

Salesgirl: That's it.

Quest: What made Ronnie different?

Salesgirl: He was the best-looking. They were all after him, but it was a waste of time.

Quest: For them?

Salesgirl: I could make him do anything I liked. He bought me a ring. I gave it back to him.

Quest: He succumbed to your charms?

Salesgirl: You're making fun of me, aren't you? I thought this was meant to be serious, I'm not telling you a pack of lies.

Quest: I never said you were.

Salesgirl: It was a proper ring. It wasn't a cheap thing.

Quest: How did you meet Ronnie?

Salesgirl: He was at the club I go to. He wasn't a member, neither was I, really. It's really for the younger ones. The discos are good, though. That's why I go.

Quest: You liked him straight away?

Salesgirl: He was the nicest-looking bloke there. I knew he was going to ask me to dance, which was nice, you know, with all my mates looking. But I didn't like him all that much then – not to talk to.

Quest: Why not?

Salesgirl: He was too personal. You like a bit of joking, but he was too serious. I mean he was joking, but you knew he meant it underneath.

Quest: Meant what?

Salesgirl: He wanted me to go outside with him, which is a bit much when you've only known a bloke two minutes. So I just pretended he was joking. I said, 'What and get grass stains all over my brand new dress?' And he said, 'Take it off, skin doesn't stain, does it?' He kept on, he said he had this car and we could go miles away, no one'd see. Honestly, if he hadn't had such a nice face and everyone hadn't been watching I'd have pushed off. I told him, 'You must be joking. I'm not stripping off for any bloke in the open air – night time or not.' Listen to me! Then he said, 'Don't know what you're fussed about. Last holiday I had a girl on the beach at Majorca and we were both stark bloody naked – and in broad daylight.' Then I thought he was just boasting – and not being very nice about it – so I got up and left him, nice face or not.

Quest: And your friend stepped in?

Salesgirl: I thought you'd remember that. Yes, she saw her chance – jammy bitch.

Quest: This was Pauline?

Salesgirl: She saw her chance, she practically fell over him before I reached the other side of the dance floor. Silly cow. Mind you, she can look nice. But it's all put on. I've waited for her at her place and she takes hours to make up. I'd never plaster my face up so much. She looks as if she's got a nice figure, a nice bust and a nice round bum – but her thighs are all wrinkled underneath. She's not smooth.

Quest: You've seen her undressed?

Salesgirl: Oh, you're clever, aren't you? You want me to say what he did to her, don't you? I don't mind. It's all water under the bridge now.

Quest: Ronnie got off with Pauline.

Salesgirl: I could see him talking to her and you could see by her face it was just the same chat all over again. I thought, 'Right, you believe that load of rubbish, girl, you deserve all you get' And the next thing I looked round and they'd gone.

Quest: What did you think of that?

Salesgirl: I thought good luck. Let them get on with it. I was a bit miffed. I wished he hadn't been so obvious.

Quest: When did you see Ronnie again?

Salesgirl: Next weekend. Pauline had been bloody snotty when I saw her in the week, smirking all over her face, the so-and-so. I really made up my mind to show her. I kept going over in my mind what I would do when I saw him again – but when Saturday came round Pauline turned up on her own. And when he did show up he hardly took any notice of her. I thought, 'serves you right, silly cow,' because you could tell she was a bit upset. And then he came over, polite as anything. I was going to be so bitchy, but he was like a different person. He even apologised for being so rough last time, which surprised me because I didn't think he'd even noticed. So I let him dance with me, and buy me a drink after. But I still had to ask about Pauline, and he said, 'She made me, she's a bloody sex maniac. I think she only wanted it to make you jealous.' And I thought, Pauline all over, that is. And that was when I really began to like him. He was so nice, and thoughtful.

Quest: How soon was it before you made love?

Salesgirl: That night. I know what you're thinking. It just sort of happened. I knew he really wanted me. I mean, most boys just try it on because they think you'll be upset if they don't. I've got caught like that before. It makes you feel like dirt. But Ronnie wasn't like that, not then. He was big, even when we were dancing. I could feel him when we were close. All stiff and warm. I really did want him.

Quest: Where did you go?

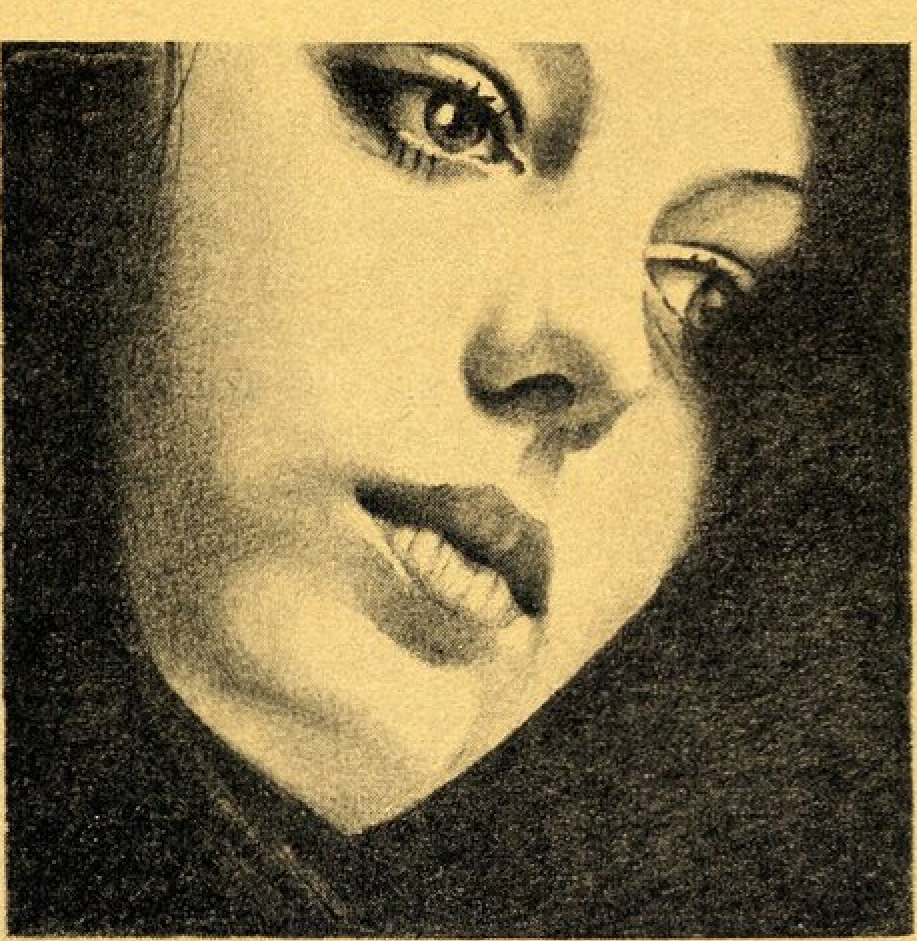
Salesgirl: He had a flat, only a tiny one, but he had a double bed. I wouldn't go until he told me Pauline hadn't been. That was a lie. But it was so nice then. I'd never been in a bed with a bloke before, where you could take everything off and there wouldn't be someone coming upstairs any minute. I sort of pretended it was a kind of honeymoon, do you know what I mean? Stupid. I did love him, then, in a kind of way. And he was good too, at making love. I think he did have all the girls he said. My little mound was sore all the week afterwards. But it was nicest just to curl up with him, afterwards, being warm together. I hated going home.

Quest: When did the field incident happen?

Salesgirl: That was after he'd given me my ring. It was just stupid, really. I mean in the field. It was just bitchy. But it was a laugh too.

Quest: What happened?

Salesgirl: Actually it was Ronnie's idea. Pauline got this new boyfriend, who was a real wet. I half felt sorry for her, grabbing Ronnie back like that, but she obviously picked up the first fellow who was interested. He was a clerk or something; he wore glasses, and cycle clips. I never thought anyone used cycle clips anymore. Anyway, Ronnie said, 'Let's invite them out, might be a laugh.' I don't know. I used to think everything he said was marvellous. I never thought Pauline would come, but she did. We thought we'd go for a picnic – it was a Sunday, I think – and we all squeezed into Ronnie's car. There's some really nice spots round here; fields but you never see anybody. We left the car in a



layby and went off along this path with the blanket and some sandwiches. It was a lovely day. We ended up by a little river in this field with great long grass in it. Lots of wild flowers. You could still see ruts in it, underneath, but they were all grown over. It was beautiful. Anyway we put down the blanket and ate, and it was odd because Pauline was still trying to make eyes at Ronnie and he played her along a bit – he kept giggling to me about it when we trailed behind – and I couldn't help feeling a bit good about it, even though I knew it was mean. After we'd eaten, Pauline and her fellow were sitting there chatting and Ronnie suddenly said, 'Come on, let's pick some flowers.' But the way he said it I knew what was in his mind. So I just grinned and we got up and said we wouldn't be long and walked off across the field. We hadn't gone very far and I bent down to pick something and Ronnie stuck his hand right between my cheeks. I gave such a squeal.

Quest: What were you wearing then?

Salesgirl: Just a short skirt, I think. I remember it was too hot for stockings. And a plain blouse top.

Quest: Go on.

Salesgirl: I told him, 'Don't!' but not as if I meant it and he didn't take his hand away. I said, 'If you don't let go of me I'm going to want it, aren't I?' And he said 'Course you are, love, because I want to give it to you.' And he pulled my hand round onto his trousers and he was bloody enormous. Ronnie never needed much encouragement, I'll give him that. And he cupped his hand, under me, and began sort of prodding and squeezing my mound, which always gets me going. And I felt myself getting the shivers and tried to turn round, but he caught hold of my tit through my blouse and wouldn't let me and began squeezing that too, so I told him, 'You randy sod. Let's find somewhere quiet, it's not private.' Because we could still see Pauline and her fellow's heads through the grass. But Ronnie just said, 'I've got to have you, love, right now.' And the way he moved his fingers. Half my knickers were inside me I was so wet. I couldn't get my breath. Then he let my tits go and I twisted round ever so quickly because I wanted to feel him hard against my tummy, I love that. And we kissed and his hands were moving all over my tits, holding me and pressing the nipples. It was so lovely. I loved him touching me, all at once, loving every inch of me, and I wanted to hold him so badly. And he reached up under my skirt and began yanking down my knicks, and I helped him and tugged at his fly too because I wanted to do both at once. But he said, 'No, love, I'll do that,' and when I'd stepped out of my knicks he knelt down and began to press the grass flat around him, making a bed for us. Then he undid his trousers and I could see him standing out of the top of his pants and he saw me grinning at it and grinned at me. And that was when Pauline shouted out.

Quest: What did she say?

Salesgirl: She said, 'Hey thingy – I forget his name – says there's a boathouse up there, shall we all go and have a look?' I knew she did it because she guessed what we'd do.

Quest: Where was she then?

Salesgirl: Still sitting down. But I was standing up so I could just see her. I was so angry. I said, 'Ronnie's dozing; later perhaps.' And she went on, I forget about what. And Ronnie, the sod, reached up inside my leg and began playing with me, while I was trying to carry on a conversation.

Quest: He touched your vagina?

Salesgirl: He bloody nearly brought me off while I was standing there. He had two fingers inside. I kept telling him, 'You bastard!' And Pauline would shout, 'Can't hear you!' And it felt so bloody fantastic, so gorgeous. It was so unfair. He kept working them backwards and forwards. My tummy was bouncing, I thought my head was going to come off. And then Pauline, the cow, got up. I'm sure she suspected.

Quest: And you just stood there?

Salesgirl: I couldn't do anything else. She couldn't see anything because of the grass. I looked down and Ronnie was there grinning like an idiot with his pants yanked halfway down and his old man just sticking out all hot and waiting. Then Pauline said, 'We'll come and have a chat!' And her fellow got up, and I screamed, 'No! We'll come over.' I really wanted to kill her. I swore really badly and Ronnie just grinned and said, 'No, love, do it to me instead.' And he reached up and put his hands on my bum under my skirt and began to pull me down backwards. I wondered what on earth he was doing, but he kept saying, 'Don't worry, I've got you,' and the next thing I knew I was sitting on his lap with my skirt rucked up round my waist and his great fat prick sticking up between my legs. I kept telling him, 'Ronnie, we can't –' But he reached round and pulled the thick end of it hard against me, right into my slit, and my mouth just fell open. It was so beautiful, so gorgeous. He was such a sexy bastard. All little shivery feelings were starting in my little man – I knew if I didn't stop in a minute I wouldn't be able to. My heart was going like mad. But it was so nice, so sweet. I could feel myself getting hotter, and he was lifting his knees so that every time he jerked up with his cock it got nearer and nearer to going into me. Then he reached round and unclipped my skirt because it was getting in the way and I knew I should have stopped him doing that but I just said, 'You stupid sod, I'm going to break it off,' and he just laughed, then he really got to me and my flesh was just crawling, burning. I had to get him into me or I'd go mad. I leaned forward and opened my legs wider and held myself by his feet, and it nudged right into me and I squealed because it was so tight, and it slipped out again but he bent his legs a bit more and it slipped in again more easily, then right up and my mouth was just one big O. I couldn't even squeal. It felt like he was right in my womb, but pushing all the wrong way. It was so strange, but absolutely fantastic. And we were both panting and gasping like mad things and then Ronnie laughed and said, 'We can't bloody move.' And suddenly there was Pauline.

Quest: She came over anyway?

Salesgirl: She was looking sort of suspiciously, as if she expected something terrible. When she saw me she smiled. I couldn't do a thing. She said something absolutely stupid, like, 'Can I join you?' And Ronnie almost broke up, but the way his tummy jumped up and down made his prick slide inside me and the most amazing feelings started. He started jigging me backwards and forwards, ever so gently, and I don't know what was pressing where but it started little sort of explosions inside me. I didn't know what was happening. It had never been like that before. Sort of gentle and seeping.

Quest: Where was Pauline?

Salesgirl: About four or five yards away. I suppose she couldn't see Ronnie, not then anyway. She could just see me sitting up in the grass with a face like a beetroot. I thought, 'If you come any nearer, if you do –' But I couldn't think. And she said, 'Are you all right, love?' and she did come nearer. And I was panting like a racing horse and I couldn't sit up straight on Ronnie any more and my thighs were on fire and little shocks were going up and down my body, faster and faster, and I remember crying out – it was so stupid – 'Oh Christ I think I'm coming! I can't stop!' And I was, a little climax, then a bigger one and a bigger and my eyes were shut and all I could feel was Ronnie's prick rocking into me and then he burst and I felt him pumping and heaving and my last one came and I was lying back on him with his prick still jumping inside me and my head next to his and absolutely exhausted. It was marvellous. It was more beautiful than anything, it really was.

Quest: What happened to Pauline and her boyfriend?

Salesgirl: They went home on the bus. It was a rotten trick, I know. I don't know. Anyway it's all over now.

Quest: You don't see Ronnie any more?

Salesgirl: He had a job in London. I gave him back his ring. I thought it was best. But we did have some lovely times together.

Quest: Thank you very much.

Three **Public Relations Consultant, 36 years old, blonde, town of origin Stoke**
This interviewee was a junior partner in a small but prosperous public relations firm. She had been married for seven years to a local businessman. Both had made a decision not to have children in order to pursue their careers.

Quest: You regretted what you did?

Consultant: Regretted, I still do regret. I was a complete fool. I put my marriage on the block for nothing – absolutely nothing. I'm only glad Roger was able to understand. He made me realize how much I was throwing away. Just for a cheap thrill –

Quest: You slept with a stranger?

Consultant: Hardly slept. I went to bed with him.

Quest: You'd never been unfaithful before?

Consultant: Well, that's it. I'm the first to admit I'm no spring chicken but I'm not a 15-year-old either. I did have two lovers before I met Roger – not in quite the same way, obviously. But it wasn't as if I didn't know what sex was about.

Quest: How is your sex life with Roger?

Consultant: Very good, generally. We go through our pedestrian phases. I think every couple does. In fact we've got very much better lately. They do say extra-marital relations have that effect, don't they? That does sound pompous.

Quest: Were you unfaithful during one of these bad phases?

Consultant: Oh I'm not looking for excuses. What happened happened. But it's true, I suppose, Roger was away. It's always been a bit of a problem. When I first became a partner Roger was always complaining that he never saw enough of me, because his work was fairly undemanding. Now, of course, his business has expanded and he has to shoot off all over the country, and mine has just rounded the corner, I have a lot more free time. I suppose I was ready for a fuller life.

Quest: Fuller sex life?

Consultant: Roger is a marvellous lover. He's gentle, he's attentive. Do you know, he thanks me afterwards, each time. Even now. It's awfully hard to be critical. We weren't uninventive. I thought we'd done most of what you could do.

Quest: Tell me about your lover.

Consultant: He was young – mid-twenties, I think – quite small, dark, intelligent – and he was very attractive.

Quest: How did you meet him?

Consultant: This is the absurd thing. A friend told me, several friends in fact.

Quest: Please explain.

Consultant: I have a friend, Marcia, who helps out at the office sometimes. She told me she'd arranged for central heating to be put in some extra rooms in her house. It was a small local company and they sent Stephen – the lover. Marcia said within an hour of his arriving they had had sex twice on the kitchen floor.

Quest: You believed her?

Consultant: I believed Marcia could do that. She and her husband do live virtually separate lives.

Quest: The thought of instant sex appealed to you?

Consultant: The kitchen floor didn't. But I was quite surprised. Then, of course, at our party – we normally have a party around Easter – the rest of it came out. Apparently Stephen had quite a reputation locally. Among the women, I mean. We live on a private estate and quite a few of the wives are at home during the day. I know you always get stories about randy milkmen and afternoon lovers – most of it's absolute rubbish. But with Stephen there was that undercurrent – I'm fairly certain when a thing is true, and the rumours about him had that feeling.

Quest: You were jealous of your friends?

Consultant: Hardly jealous. How could I be jealous about a man I didn't know? I suppose I was curious.

Quest: So you called him?

Consultant: No, that's very unfair. I was curious, I admit, but I never seriously considered anything of the sort. No, it was Roger who brought up the idea. We'd just had a bill in and he suddenly said we were wasting pounds on electric heaters for the spare bedroom and his study, why not extend the central heating, which is gas. We were both going away on trips; he thought it would be a good idea to have it done while the house was empty. It was he who called Stephen's firm. And I'm sure he had no idea about all the rumours.

Quest: But Roger left you alone?

Consultant: I was due to do an exhibition in London the day after he went. But there was some problem and the client pulled out. That was the only reason I was alone in the house.

Quest: How soon did you have sex with Stephen?

Consultant: Not in the first hour! I honestly never thought I'd see him because I usually leave quite early in the mornings. But it was as if everything was pushing me towards what happened. John, my co-partner, told me work was slack, why not take a few days off while I had the chance? I pottered about the office for half a week and there really wasn't anything, so I told myself I'd take the morning off to see how work at home was progressing. And that's how I met Stephen.

Quest: First reactions?

Consultant: Oh completely unexpected. I expected a great virile brute. He wasn't at all. He was about my height, very polite, very – cuddly, that's the only word. I mean my heart wasn't beating at first sight. I quite felt like picking him up and patting him. Isn't that silly? Roger isn't like that at all.

Quest: He made no sexual advances?

Consultant: He was enormously friendly, not charming in the usual sense which is always a bit false anyway. But natural. I felt I knew him at once.

Quest: Did you talk about sex?

Consultant: I suppose we flirted a bit. Not at first. I found him so easy to talk to. He was a very good listener; not just a blank face, but understanding. I told him the most amazing things about Roger and I. The sexual feeling grew out of that; it was just another kind of intimacy really. It was one morning, actually, when we started.

QUEST

why you can't do without it

Quest represents an invaluable insight into female sexuality. Past surveys have covered a wide variety of subjects under this heading, a choice of which is still available from the following back numbers of Mayfair magazine.

Vol. 7 Nos. 6 Girls with older men 43p; 7 Girls with Instant Urge part one 43p; 8 Girls with Instant Urge part two 43p; 9 Absolute bastards part one 43p; 10 Absolute bastards part two 45p; 11 Daytime mistresses 45p; 12 Girls who tease too much 68p; Vol. 8 Nos. 2 Girls and their first climax 45p; 3 Girls who give signals 45p; 4 Girls who trigger off secret desires 45p; 5 Girls with extra-sensitive genitals 45p; 6 Sex before speaking 45p; 7 Mothers and daughters sharing sex secrets 45p; 8 Films that get girls going 45p; 9 Girls who have sex out of spite 45p; 10 Girls in motor cars 47p; 11 Sex in the sky 47p; 12 Girls on trains 68p; Vol. 9 Nos. 1 Sex substitutes 47p; 2 Voyeuristic girls 47p; 3 Female fantasies 47p; 4 Best friends' wives 47p; 5 Aunts and nephews 57p; 6 Uncles and nieces 57p; 7 Step-fathers and daughters 57p; 8 Long promised affairs 57p; 9 New sex styles 67p; 10 One night stands 67p; Girls and mystery men 67p; 12 The lure of notoriety 67p; Vol. 10 Nos. 1 Girls who are sexier than they think 67p; 2 The appeal of knickers 67p; 3 Sexy phone calls 67p; 4 Bold talk 67p; 5 Same room sex 67p; 6 Fashion flirts 67p; 7 Professional virgins 67p.

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M108

At the end of the first week, which shows how unpremeditated it was. Roger and I would never dream of making love during the day.

Quest: Go on.

Consultant: Stephen wanted to show me how the new radiator worked in the spare bedroom. It was all a bit of a mess. The room was going to be re-arranged but it meant we had to crawl between one side of the bed and the wall and bend down. There really wasn't any room, but he insisted I see. And honestly I was hardly dressed to kill. I had some terribly washed-out old denims on and an ancient denim shirt, and my hair was all over the place – I'd let it down to wash. Then for some reason the way Stephen was crouching put enormous emphasis on his crotch – his private parts – he was wearing jeans, too, of course. I couldn't help looking. He seemed to be bulging enormously and I was trying to listen to him but my eyes kept coming back and I felt myself getting redder and redder. It was an awful moment. Normally I blush very seldom, which makes it so much worse when I do. And Stephen suddenly stopped. It must have been all so obvious, and stood up. And I suddenly realised it wasn't just his jeans that were sticking out, it was him. He just looked at me and it was like icy fingers on me. My heart just drummed. Something had to happen, but I was absolutely terrified. If he hadn't moved I would have run out the room from sheer fright.

Quest: He did move?

Consultant: Very slowly he brought up his hand and held my breast, but he was staring straight into my face and he just said, 'I think you're beautiful.' Then his other arm was round my waist and we were kissing. It was all very quick.

Quest: But you must have acquiesced in some way?

Consultant: I wasn't thinking that clearly. I remember thinking, I wonder what this will be like, when he kissed me. Kissing is always nice, I think; but there's a point when you know that that is all there's going to be, or when your head starts to come off, and anything could happen. And that's what it was like with Stephen. Only Roger had made me feel like that – when we first met.

Quest: What happened then?

Consultant: That's when I knew I really wanted him, and somehow we were on the bed. Suddenly the front of my shirt was undone and he was pulling my bra strap undone from behind. It was so quick. He knew exactly what to do. I remember panting for breath, and he was pulling and tugging at my clothes, and suddenly I was lying absolutely naked from the waist up, with him rearing over me, his hands on my breasts, rubbing the nipples with his palms and burying his head between my tits. I wanted to just open my legs and draw him in. And it was that thought, I suppose, that brought me up short. I suddenly felt awful. It had been so long since I'd felt like that with Roger, and here I was lolling on a bed with a man ten years my junior, flashing my great tits. I felt so guilty. I must have frozen solid because he stopped at once and asked me what was wrong, so I told him.

Quest: Did he stop?

Consultant: Well, no. He said he would, he understood, I shouldn't give in to feelings just because I wanted to – and I did – he was a good talker. But all the time he just lay there beside me with his shirt open, brushing his fingers over the tips of my breasts. It was heavenly. I thought my nipples would burst with pleasure. I kept saying, 'No, you mustn't. If my husband ever found out, he trusts me, I can't –' But if he'd stopped I'd have screamed with frustration. And all the time he was getting further down my body, and while he was brushing me with one hand the other was pulling at the studs on my jeans, and when two opened together I said loudly, 'Now Stephen, let's stop while there's no harm done.' So boldly. It surprised me. I really sounded as if I meant it. He didn't move for a minute and then, ever so gently, he pushed his fingers under the top of my panties and I knew then I should have jumped up or slapped his face, but all I could say was, 'Stephen.' And he undressed me completely.

Quest: You didn't try to stop him?

Consultant: I lifted my bottom to try and ease myself away but he peeled my jeans down under me. My panties were so damp, I was quite shocked. And then he was staring at me with his eyes shining so beautifully, and he said, 'You're absolutely fantastic, I've never seen anyone so beautiful.' I couldn't help glowing all over. It was so obviously genuine. Then he began to pull off his own jeans, and I said, 'Stephen, I don't mind you looking, or even cuddling me but we mustn't go any further.' And he said, 'I understand, I just want to hold you.' And then he was naked. And he was beautiful. So smooth and hard but soft to touch. And he stood up – well, like a horse's. He really was marvellously endowed. My heart thundered, and when he lay on me and I felt it throbbing between us I thought for one incredible second I was going to orgasm all on my own. And he began to caress me, so, so gently and softly, it made my flesh ache; my nerves just screamed with the touch of it. I really didn't want to touch him, but he kept turning and moving and my fingers just caught him and I couldn't catch my breath. And his tongue began to lick and suck and slide across me. It was so gorgeous, gorgeous beyond belief. He started curling his tongue round my lips, sucking and then probing, then darting right inside, then finding my spot – you know – and plucking, that's what it felt like, till I screamed. And then he was all over me, crushing me with his lips, eating me and I had no breath and my tummy muscles were jumping and squirming and I nearly suffocated him, forcing his head down between my legs. It was the best sex. Utterly selfish. Like masturbation – just concentrating on the one thing; it really is nothing to do with love. And I came, so beautifully. I wanted to just hug him to me and luxuriate in the bliss of it all at the same time, but I was exhausted. And he lay on me for what seemed like hours, then he began to move, fondling me again and I thought, 'God, does he want it again so soon,' and then I realised that he hadn't had an orgasm and I felt terribly guilty, and then worse because I knew I would have to say no. And I said, 'Stephen, we can't do it all,' and I opened my eyes and he looked so red and tired. I felt so sorry for him, and he said, 'Let me just rest outside, that's all.' I couldn't say no, even though I was worried. Then he was lying between my legs with the great head of his thing nudging my lips, and I tried to think of it just as something apart from me. But I couldn't and I wanted to tell him to move it away. Then he stirred and it was prodding my lips apart, just squeezing inside. I could feel my breath catching, and I thought, 'God, you're going to come again,' and I said, 'You can just rest inside, if you're still.' And then he moved right over me and he came in to the hilt and I almost squealed. Then the little bastard moved right back to the head and I did squeal out, and reached out and clawed at his bottom to come back in, then he did with a rush and then out again and back and out till my flesh was on fire and he seemed to be tearing me apart and for one mad moment – I don't remember properly, he said I scratched him – I was screaming, 'You animal! Animal!' And trying to push him away but I don't remember, only my heart beating faster and faster and that knot in my tummy tightening and tightening and then bursting and streaming out and him jerking and jerking on top of me, and then I was just slipping away into sleep or faint, I don't know.

Quest: What happened afterwards?

Consultant: Nothing. I mean, we were very close for the rest of that day. The next day I had to go into the office and he finished the job. I was very foolish. I rang his office and he'd gone on a job out of the county. It was odd how everything had pushed us together and now it pulled us apart. I realised how silly I was being and made up my mind to tell Roger. That was so hard. I was so scared. But he took me straight to bed. I hoped and prayed he would.

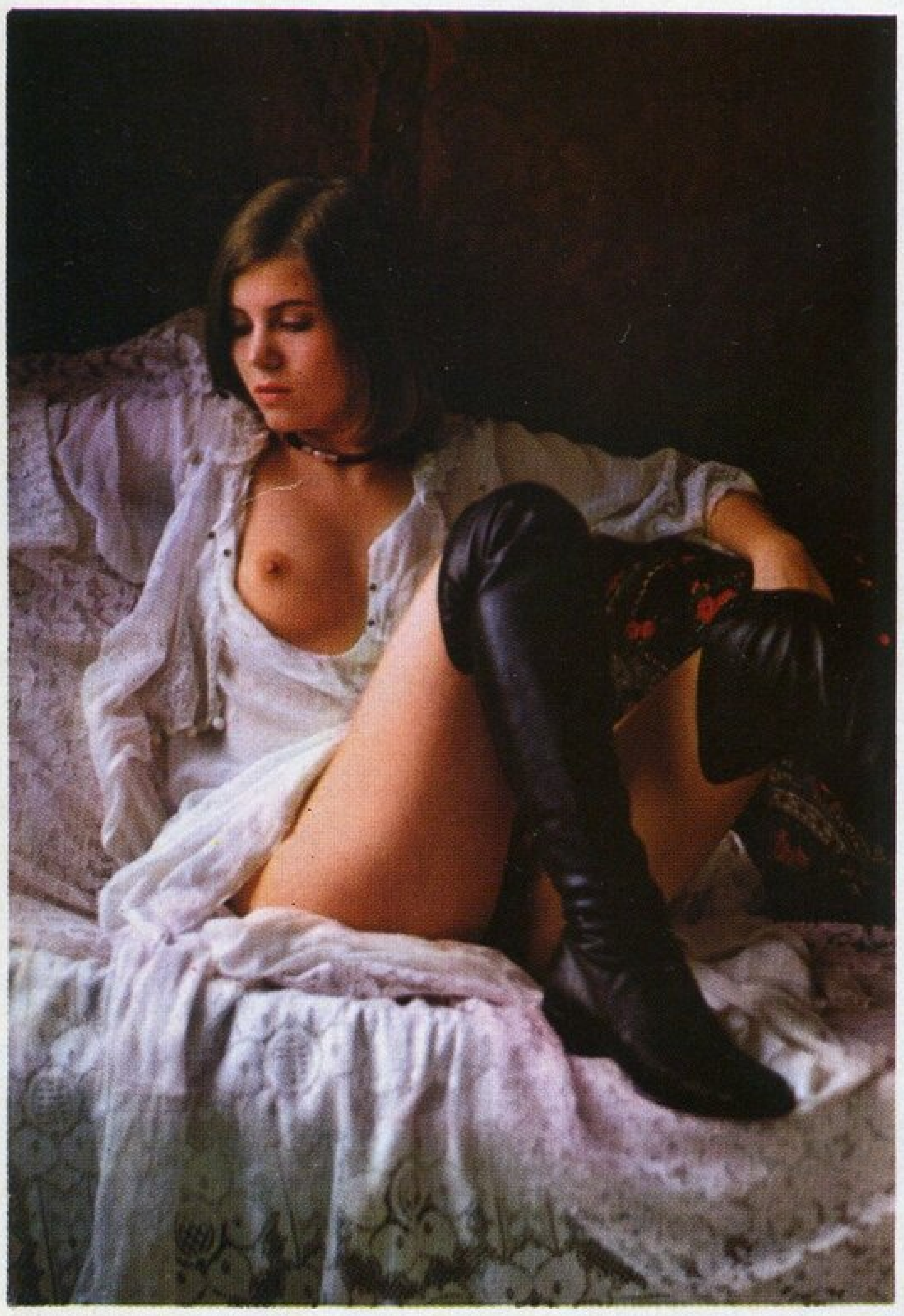
Quest: And was it better?

Consultant: In bed? Different, completely different, and very much better.

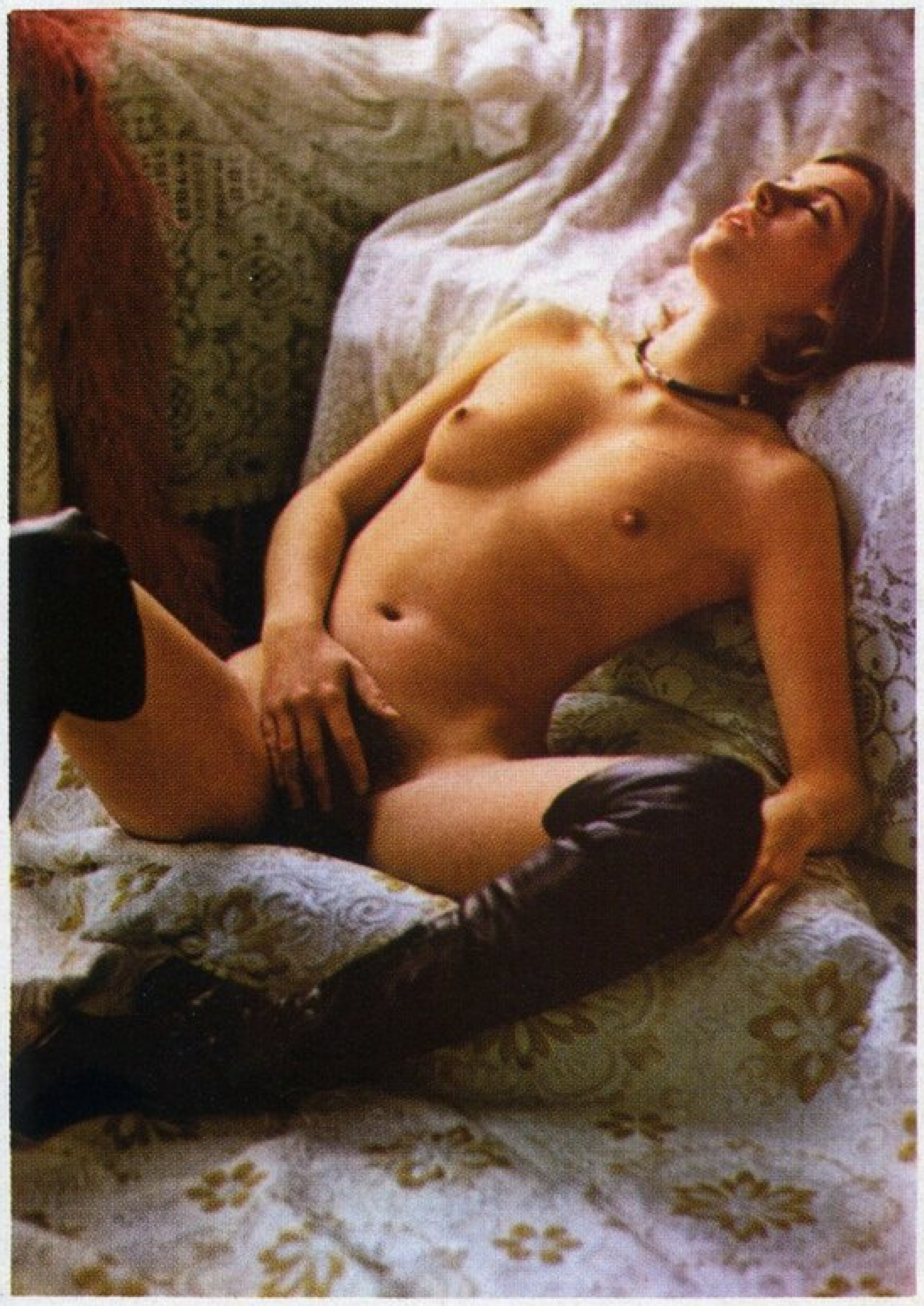
Quest: Thank you very much.

ANN

It's true that all too often you tend to overlook what's going on in your own backyard. Take our discovery of 20-year-old Ann Wardlough in the *Three Tuns,* one of the pubs in and around our Chancery Lane offices where we have been known to drop in for a quiet shandy from time-to-time. It turned out that Ann shared our taste in pubs, as she had been visiting the *Tuns* on an irregular basis for the past eighteen months whilst working as a temporary legal secretary around the Fleet Street Law Courts. 'I'll do a photo-session for you,' agreed Ann, 'but you'll have to be quick as I'm off on holiday and when I get back I'm starting a new job down in Dorset, so I won't be able to get up to London much. I've been saving up for ages for this holiday and *nothing* will make me delay it. I'm going to Corfu with a girlfriend.' She grins. 'We both fancy Greek boys, so we should have a pretty good



time. I think there's something very earthy and sensual about people who live round the Mediterranean. I had this boyfriend once, Christos – Chris – who was half-Greek, half-English. He had this super combination of hot blood and humour. He also discovered my little secret.' Ann smiles. 'I've got you hooked now, haven't I? It isn't anything terribly dramatic actually, it's just that I like to run my fingers between my legs. I don't have to be in bed; I just like a little feel now and again. Chris used to tease me a lot about it. He called it my "pink and friendly". Isn't that sweet? He was very fond of it. I think he got just a bit jealous sometimes though. He once bet me a pound that I couldn't leave it alone for an hour and he won!' Ann's slender 35–21–35, 5 feet 6 inch stretches up. 'I think that was about the easiest win anyone ever had. But I did try, truly I did.' She shrugs in mock resignation. 'There are just some things that a girl finds are beyond her – and that was one of them'. The *Tuns* will be emptier now Ann's gone.



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LETTERS

continued from page 14

– after all, the clitoris is just like a mini penis, with its own mini 'foreskin'. These doctors blamed this prepuce for many of women's sexual difficulties. So off they came. Owing to a lack of evidence that the operation did, in fact, solve problems, it is now very rarely performed in Western societies.

Not so though in primitive cultures, where often, even today, girls are circumcised, as in the Masai tribe of Kenya.

In some of these primitive cultures the circumcision goes much further than the removal of the prepuce around the clitoris. It entails the removal of the entire clitoris and the labia minora.

A lot has been written about the origins of the practice, but little is really understood. One theory is that it was a way of reducing the sexual enjoyment of the woman. That way she would be less likely to have sex with anyone else but her husband.

Prof A M Stephens, Boston, Mass

You ask for comments on your advertisers. Well, earlier this year my husband, unknown to me, sent for a selection of erotic lingerie for me, from an advertisement in *Mayfair*.

When I was presented with them and to keep up the spirit of the festivities, I agreed to try them on, but the result was not at all what I expected.

By the time I had smoothed the sheer black nylons over my legs, adjusted the frothy suspender belt and suspenders, slipped my feet into the stiletto heeled mules, adjusted the quarter cup bra under my breasts, pulled the wispy black panties with the inviting hole, over my hips and finally slipped the sheer cobwebby black nylon neglige over these briefest of garments I was, to put it mildly, hot and wet. My husband who had been watching, had the most gorgeous erection. The result was that through the hole in the panties, my husband made love to me as never before, causing me to experience my first really explosive orgasm.

Now, after dinner I change into a full length transparent neglige or one of the shameless basques – a sexy adaptation of the old fashioned corset made of black satin with wired quarter cup bra top and a frilly hem which just reaches my hips. When zipped up my breasts are actually quite painfully thrust upwards and outwards, like twin bare pointed cones. The effect on anyone with a reasonable bustline is quite devastating – every breath makes my breasts protrude and recede sensuously. My husband adores me in them he says I look so deliberately, shamelessly, helplessly, available – and that's what I am. And thanks to that advertisement, our sex life has certainly improved.

Mrs S M, Derby

Your letter, Mrs M, can rightly be called a large plug . . .

Of all the girls who appear in *Mayfair,* I've yet to see one with a shaven crotch. In real life, I hasten to add, I'm sure that many more women shave off their pubic hair, than would be suggested by your photos.

How do I know? Well, from something which happened to me a while ago. I had gone into town to buy myself a new bikini. Inside one shop I picked out a style I liked and was directed to the changing rooms by the young assistant. I got out of my clothes and put on the bikini and was looking at myself in the mirror when the assistant came in through the dressing room curtains with a couple of other styles.

Without thinking, and with her in the room, I unhooked my bra and pulled off my panties, but went bright red and tried to cover myself when I remembered that only the day before my husband had shaved my pubic hair. Without batting an eyelid, the assistant unfastened her trousers and pulled down her panties to show me that she, too, was hairless down there. We had a good laugh and got properly dressed.

I find the tingling sensation is fantastic and I climax very quickly. After my husband has shaved the hairs, he rubs talcum powder on my pussy, leaving me smooth and clean!

Mrs L G, Warwicks

I have to violently disagree with the contributor to *Mayfair* Letters (Vol. 10 No. 6) who talked about divers' fetishisms. Firstly, he blamed his condition on his Navy service, saying that homosexual encounters ruined his later sex-life. Indeed, there is nothing unusual in this. It is common for all sailors, merchant and RN, to be picked up by 'brown hatters'. After weeks, even months at sea sailors will screw anything to get relief – and who can blame them. So, from that point of view your contributor's experience is in no way unusual.

And as for his comments on divers . . . well I've never! To quote him: ' . . . the other chap likes to dress in women's clothes and parade up and down in front of the window of his flat with an . . . ' Need I go on? I've been associated with the UK oilfield diving scene for the past two years or so (I'm writing this letter from inside a saturation decompression chamber) and it is my opinion that this contributor is either a twisted weirdo or he is the biggest wanker I've yet to run across.

Any working diver (and I said working, not wanking) knows just how unpleasant climbing into a wet suit some cold grey morning really is. Rubber fetish indeed! Poppycock.

I can only suggest that this contributor do a bit more under water work instead of trying to delve into our collective psyche.

D R Hall, Oceaneering International Services Ltd, Aberdeen

Your article on the Cottingley Fairies (Vol. 9 No. 12) was most intriguing. I've got a few fairy stories of my own.

In 1835 a tiny black shoe measuring $2\frac{7}{8}$ inches and $\frac{7}{8}$ of an inch at its widest, was found on the Beara Peninsula. It was worn at the heel and under a microscope tiny hand-stitches and eyelets can be seen. It's thought the shoe is made of mouseskin. Later, in the summer of 1868 John Abraham Holliott (I don't know the exact spelling) found in a field in Lloyd in Co. Meath, a tiny coat, which is today kept by his daughter in England. It measures a mere $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches from collar to hem, with long 5 inch sleeves, the width at the shoulder being only $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches. It is made of a brownish grey material resembling Irish friese and is in the style of that suitable for a country gentleman of the late 18th century. It is fully lined and has cloth covered buttons, while in the left lapel is a metal button with the slogan 'repeal the union', reflecting the fashion of full-size buttons soon after 1801. Perhaps a politically-minded leprechaun? Or an amusing hoax? Who knows? Yet like the shoes, the coat had evidently been long worn – the high velvet collar is shiny and the lining in some parts is frayed, particularly at the thigh. The pockets have holes and there is a scorch mark as if caused by a small pipe. In 1849 a dairymaid on a farm in Belmullet, Co. Mayo, found the dairy doors open and a tiny man about 9 inches tall inside. She picked him up, kept him in a milk churn for three days. Despite his local accent, as he was so small, she could not understand him.

Who are we to say that there aren't fairies? After all it states in the Bible that there are 'big and small', and you can't argue with that. Let's hear it for the little people as they're called in Southern Ireland.

Name withheld, Parkhurst Prison, Isle of Wight

We at Mayfair *found your letter fairy interesting!*

Fairy shoe found on the Beara Peninsula in 1835. See letter above

I read with interest in a recent *Second Opinion,* Dr. Vintner's views on whether vibrators are a good thing or not. Well, in my own experience, they certainly are good. For as an 18-year-old youth a vibrator led me to have my first sexual experience with a woman.

I was staying with a friend of the family, a middle-aged woman, and this particular night she was going out for a dinner-dance and had gone upstairs to get ready. I went to my room for something, and on the way back noticed that the woman's bedroom door was open. She was in her underclothes, but these were soon discarded to reveal lovely huge tits and a thick bush of pubic hair. She got some clean underclothes from a drawer but instead of putting them on straight away, lay on the bed and, from beneath a pillow, produced a massive 12 inch vibrator and proceeded to bring herself off.

Later, when I heard her go out, I went to her bedroom and got the vibrator, stripped off and stimulated myself with it. But just as I was about to ejaculate, the door opened and the woman came in.

She grabbed me and asked how I knew where the vibrator was. When I told her that I'd seen her masturbate, she flew into a temper, grabbed a belt and thrashed me round my buttocks.

We made a bargain that neither would tell what we had seen. She then kissed me and her hand moved to my erection. She slid out of her clothes and fell back on the bed and beckoned me to follow. Which I naturally did and there followed my first sexual experience. And all because of a vibrator.

T L, Yorks

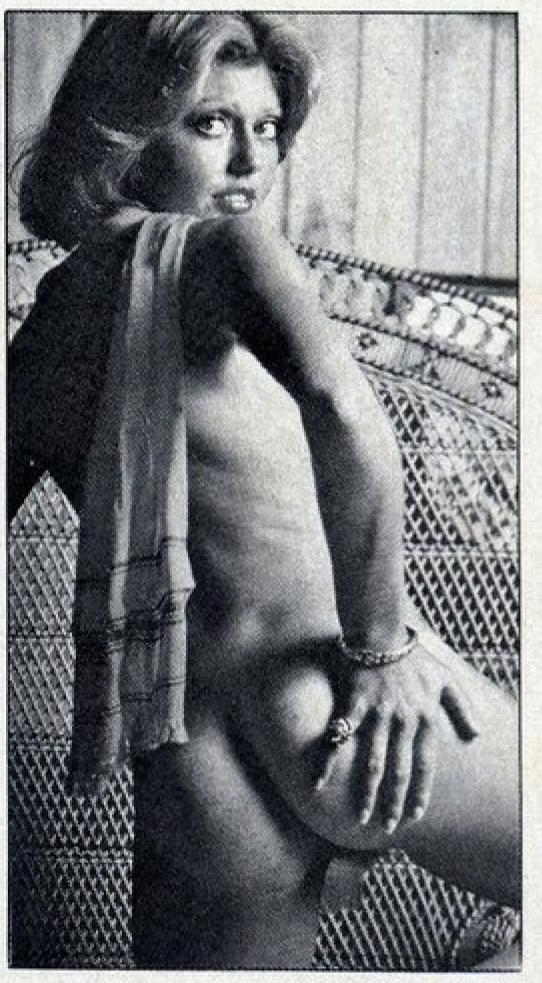
There just aren't enough superlatives for Vol. 10 No. 5 or for Penny Irving's nipples. What a body she's got, with her pert breasts and unbelievably long nipples. Hers must surely be the best nude feature *Mayfair* have treated us with for many a day. I for one can't wait to see more of Penny . . . on the box, the silver screen or whatever!

R P G, Arkley, Herts

I found the letter from a group of nurses which you published in your issue Vol. 10, No. 6 arousing in the extreme, especially since I can point to an experience of my own which closely parallels that of the intruder who found himself

turn to page 108

70 GIRLS DELIVERED TO YOUR DOOR



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LETTERS

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sat upon by some of these girls. I have to say from the outset that the circumstances which led to my being sat-upon did not arise after a spot of breaking-and-entering on my part. The beginnings were really very innocent. My girlfriend shares a flat with five other girls and every so often all the girls and their boyfriends go out for an evening. Usually, these nights out are very boozy and end with mass copulation back at the girls' flat, which happily is large enough to afford some modicum of privacy when you're busy getting your end away. Group sex, for all its advocates in the *Mayfair* letters column, isn't quite our scene. One of our nights out happened to coincide with my birthday and the celebrations were long, loud and drink-filled. On returning to the flat in the early hours, five well-cut girls, egged on by their equally well-oiled blokes, decided to give me the 'bumps'. Hands grasped my arms and legs and up I went. Twenty-three breathless bumps later, the girls decided that as a *coup-de-grace* I should be de-bagged. The same hands grasped my waist and in the ensuing mêlée I found myself weighted down by four of the girls while my own girl-friend, the traitor, removed my trousers. The sensation of having four very pretty girls lying on top of me proved instantly arousing, as was only too obvious with my trousers round my ankles. For some reason, this seemed to turn the girls on enormously and we rolled on the floor with mounting excitement until the respective boyfriends grabbed their women and made off for their regular bolt-holes. My own girlfriend and I made love with her on top and since that 'crushing' experience, this has now become my favourite position.
C D F, London W8

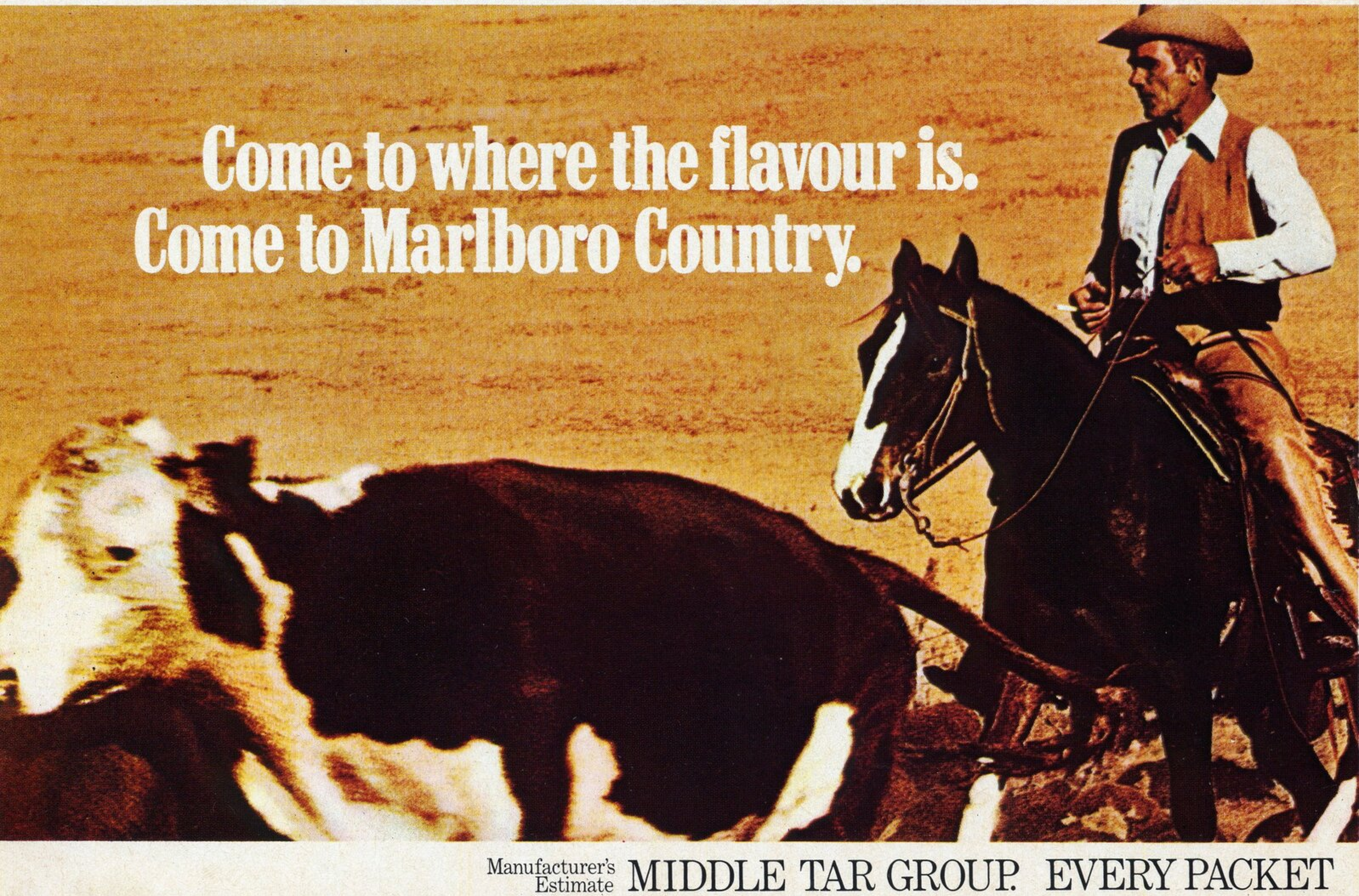
After due consideration, we feel your story has some weight to it.

I very much enjoyed David Brenner's excellent feature on the champions of prize-fighting in Vol. 10 No. 6. The 'bare-knuckle battlers' as you so rightly call them must have had tremendous staying power to keep going for the number of rounds they did – far in excess of anything that the boxers of today can manage. I'd be interested to know just how long the longest bareknuckle fight lasted, provided of course that records from that time have survived.

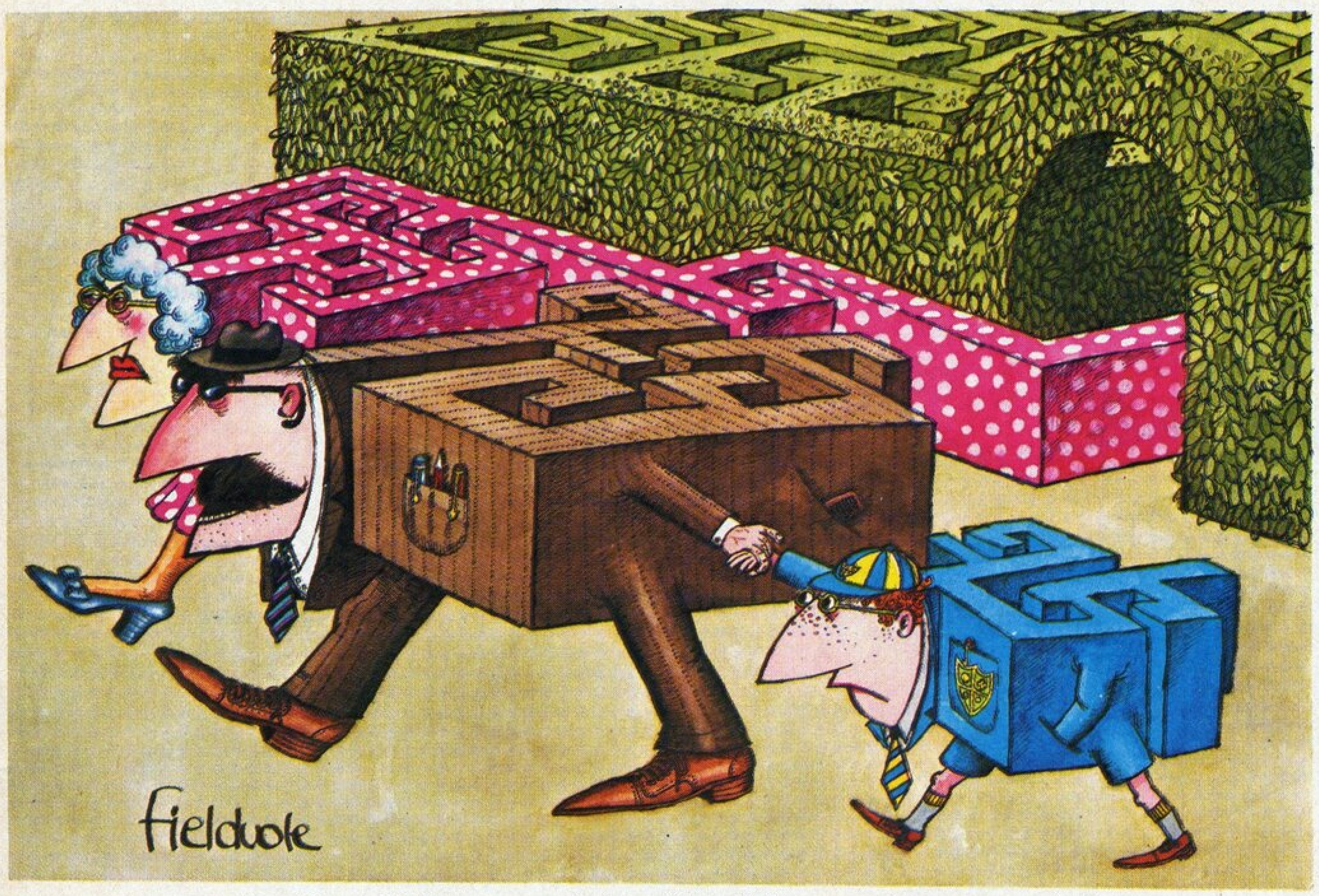
D Mackay, Dundee

In terms of length of time, the longest bareknuckle bout took place in Melbourne, Australia, on October 19, 1856, between James Kelly and Jonathan Smith. This bout lasted an incredible 6 hours 15 minutes. However the longest bout of any kind was fought with gloves between Andy Bowen and Jack Burke in New Orleans on April 6, 1893. This contest lasted 7 hours 19 minutes before being declared a draw! In terms of number of rounds fought, you have to go back to 1825, when a fall or knock-down ended a round. In that year, Jack Jones fought Patsy Tunney in Cheshire. Although the fight lasted 'only' 4½ hours, the number of rounds was a staggering 276 – a record that will, I'm sure stand for ever. D B.

Ronald Cobb seems to be throwing away the natural advantage of the artist over the photographer. He draws slim legged girls, whereas in days gone by he drew girls with well rounded limbs. Artists have great difficulty in making slimness artistically successful; very few efforts by Old Masters feature slim legged girls – Botticelli's works are an exception as he employed the flowing line style. All the great statues extolling female beauty show fully formed legs.
Photographers, by contrast, seem to be defeated by the female thigh; they make nothing of it, and are as happy with slim girls as plump, being somewhat unable to make anything of either, so far as the legs go.
Mr. Cobb scores over the photographers when he produces fully formed thighs in various postures, but his attempts to produce slimness are not, I believe, artistically very successful and he leaves the photographers in charge of this section of the field. More the pity. In extolling all aspects of female beauty it should be the


Come to where the flavour is.
Come to Marlboro Country.

Manufacturer's Estimate MIDDLE TAR GROUP. EVERY PACKET



'Daddy and Mummy won't be taking Johnny to the maze again!'

artist who succeeds where the photographer fails.
A Blackburn, Brookmans Park, Herts

I wonder if any other men derive as much pleasure as I do from watching young girls play basketball? Just around from where I work there are a number of courts, and almost every day in summer, and on odd days in winter too, I can go and watch these saucy nymphs. With their ultra-short tunics they offer ample opportunities to view their nicely rounded knicker-covered bottoms, acres and acres of bare thighs and, if you're lucky, just a wisp of pubic hairs popping out from the crotch of their knickers. I'm praying for the day when one of the girls forgets to put her knickers on. I also love it when one of the girls is about to make a shot, her breasts being stretched and flattened as she throws. And all those bobbing tits. It would also be terrific if the girls went braless though, I suppose, a bit uncomfortable for them.
My mates at work think it's a bit of a joke but I don't, and judging from the number of fellows who congregate to watch, I'm not alone in my love for gym-slip girls. What do other readers think?
M O Blount, London W3

Your recent letters from readers lucky enough to have had sex on trains brings to mind an incident from a few years back.
I was going out with a girl from Blackheath and one Saturday night we went to a friend's 21st party. Neither of us had our own transport so inevitably we ended up on Southern Region.
The booze at the party got to us both and by the time we were ready to catch a train back to Blackheath we were both very randy and so decided to have a bash on the train, if

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FILTER CIGARETTES
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20 CLASS A CIGARETTES
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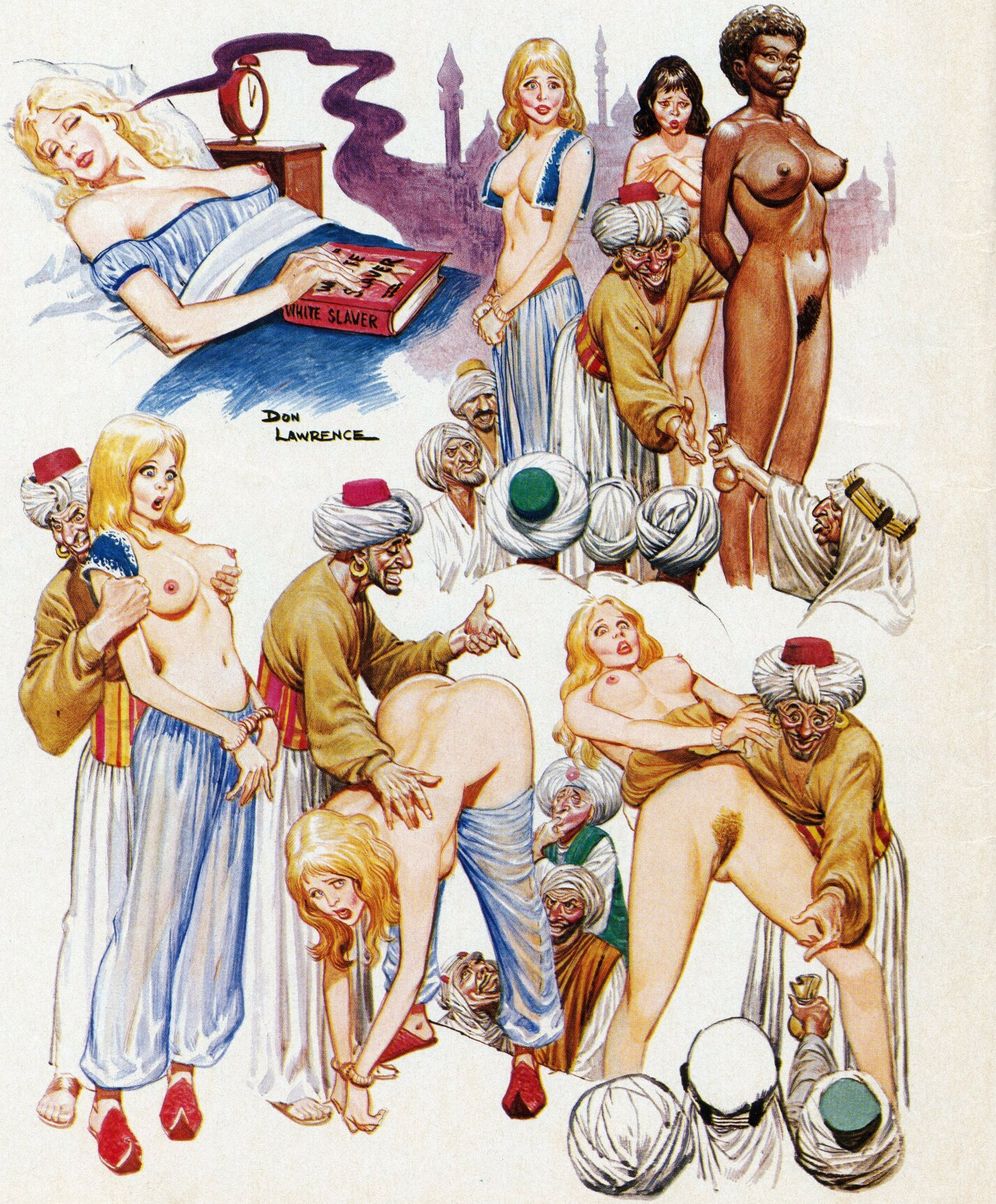
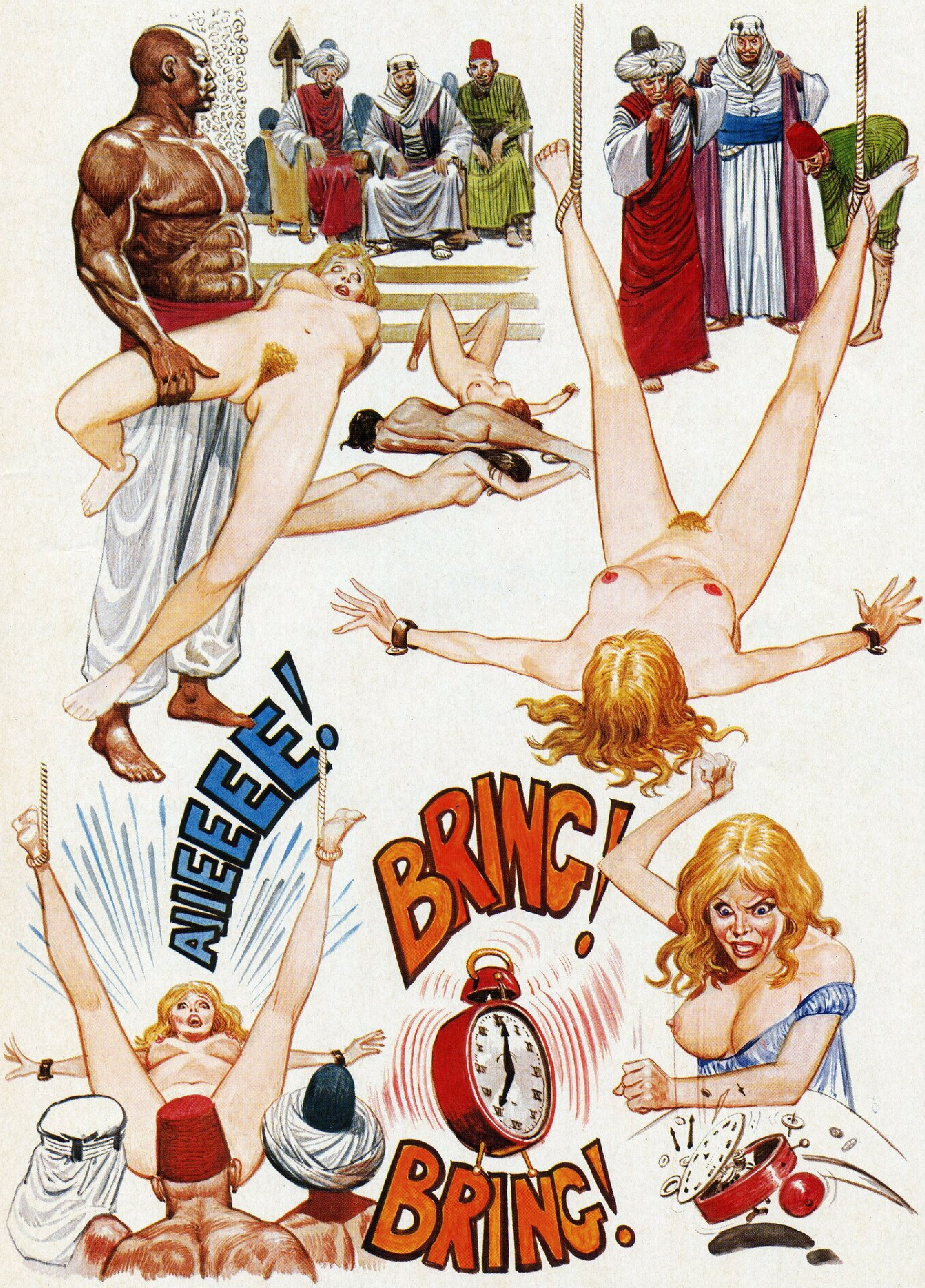
CARRIES A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING.

CARRIE

Carrie finds that her chain gang dream goes with a bang


WHITE SLAVER
DON LAWRENCE


AIIEEEE!
BRING!
BRING!

LETTERS

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the opportunity were to arise. Before we left the party, Barbara went to the loo and took off her tights and panties. We got into a vacant compartment on the train and between stations gradually got more and more involved. When the train stopped between stations I seized the opportunity to perform cunnilingus on Barbara – already her jumper was around her neck and her skirt around her waist. She leaned back on the seat spread her legs and I disappeared down. After a minute or so I came up to ask if she would take hold of my penis, which I had out, when I noticed that another train had pulled up alongside us, a couple of tracks over, and that two young lads were hanging out the door, being treated to a Saturday night cabaret.

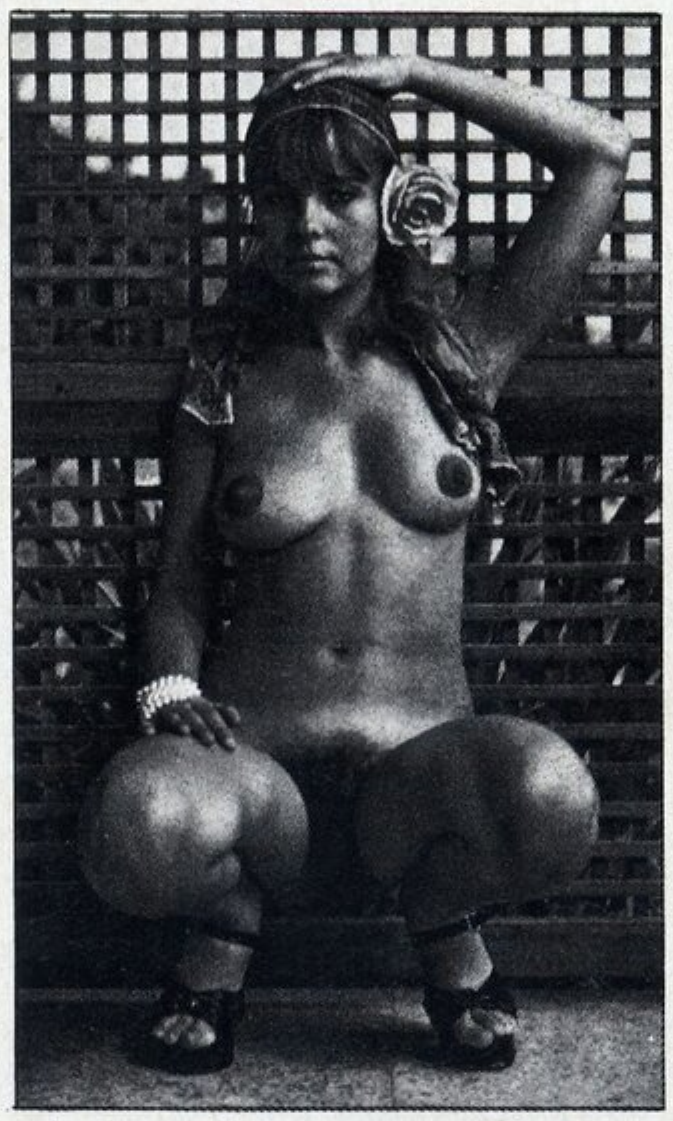
(Name and address withheld)

After reading Quest on 'Girls with instant urge – part two' in one of my brother's back numbers of *Mayfair* (Vol. 7 No. 8) I was overcome by a strange and marvellous feeling. I am a 19 year old girl and have a steady boyfriend and lead a healthy sex life. This particular day I was in my flat, waiting for him to arrive in his lunch hour, just so we could be together, not to have sex.

I had borrowed my brother's *Mayfair* back numbers the week before and was reading about a girl rubbing herself up against a horse when the blood started pulsating through my veins. I knew straightaway that I had to have sex soon so I took off my bra and just put on a denim jacket – I only fastened one stud.

When my boyfriend arrived he sat down and started reading another *Mayfair*. I sat on the bed, opened my legs wide and continued reading my *Mayfair*. I looked at him and he had a prominent bulge in his trousers. I was ready. I went over to him, sat between his legs, pulled out his shirt, undid his fly and took his erect penis in my mouth. It wasn't long before he came. I was not satisfied so I pulled him down on the bed took down his trousers, pants etc., and stepped out of my skirt (he'd already got my jacket off). I then lowered myself very gently onto him and made love for the rest of the dinner hour. And, who knows, without *Mayfair*, it may never have happened at all?

K P, Southport, Merseyside



Please, please more of Lena Norberg (Vol. 10, No. 5). So many girls in men's magazines are impossibly glamorous – and probably unattainable – super dollies that the average male yearns after fruitlessly. Lena was just right, ordinary – in the nicest sense – friendly and completely approachable. And of course very very sexy. Please, many more Misses Average, and especially Lena. Leave the incredible sex goddesses to your rivals.

P T N, Oxford

Congratulations on your exposure of Daniella Dante in Vol. 10 No. 5 – the Red Colonel's nudest daughter. What a smooth, earthy sensuality. I've visited Yugoslavia for holidays on a number of occasions and can vouch for the high standard of pulchritude in those parts. Surely the Balkans are one of the world's great undiscovered beauty traps. Can I suggest a *Mayfair* photographer being despatched immediately?

P L Roberts, Norwich

Point – and pictures – taken, Mr. Roberts. We featured another Balkan beauty – Nanette Dundek – in Vol. 8 No. 8.

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ